

H Y M N S

A N D

Spiritual Songs.

In Three BOOKS.

- I. Collected from the Scriptures.
- II. Compos'd on Divine Subjects.
- III. Prepared for the Lord's Supper.

With an ESSAY

Towards the Improvement of Christian Psalmody, by the Use of Evangelical Hymns in Worship, as well as the Psalms of *David*.

By I. WATTS.

And they sung a new Song, saying, Thou art worthy, &c. for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us, &c. Rev. 5. 9.

Soliti essent (i. e. Christiani) convenire, carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere. Plinius in Epist.

L O N D O N,

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H Y M N S

AND

Spiritual Songs

IN THREE BOOKS

I. Collected from the Scriptures
II. Composed by the Authors
III. Translated from the Latin

WILLIAM BAYNE



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THE
PREFACE.

W Hile we sing the Praises of our God in his Church, we are employ'd in that part of Worship which of all others is the nearest a-kin to Heaven; and 'tis pity that this of all others should be perform'd the worst upon Earth. The Gospel brings us nearer to the heavenly State than all the former Dispensations of God amongst Men: And in these very last Days of the Gospel we are brought almost within sight of the Kingdom of our Lord; yet we are very much unacquainted with the Songs of the *New Jerusalem*, and unpractis'd in the Work of Praise. To see the dull Indifference, the negligent and the thoughtless Air that sits upon the Faces of a whole Assembly while the Psalm is on their Lips, might tempt even a charitable Observer to suspect the Fervency of inward Religion, and 'tis much

to be fear'd that the Minds of most of the Worshippers are absent or unconcern'd. Perhaps the Modes of Preaching in the best Churches still want some Degrees of Reformation, nor are the Methods of Prayer so perfect as to stand in need of no Correction or Improvement. But of all our Religious Solemnities *Psalmody* is the most unhappily manag'd. That very Action which should elevate us to the most delightful and divine Sensations doth not only flat our Devotion, but too often awakens our Regret, and touches all the Springs of Uneasiness within us.

I have been long convinc'd, that one great Occasion of this Evil arises from the Matter and Words to which we confine all our Songs. Some of 'em are almost opposite to the Spirit of the Gospel. Many of them foreign to the State of the New-Testament, and widely differ from the present Circumstances of Christians. Hence it comes to pass that when our spiritual Affections are excited within us and our Souls are raised a little above the Earth in the beginning of a Psalm, we are check'd on a sudden in our Ascent toward Heaven by some Expressions that are more suited to the Days of *Carnal* Ordinances, and fit only to be sung in the

World

The Preface.

v

Worldly Sanctuary. When we are just entering into an Evangelic Frame by some of the Glories of the Gospel presented in the brightest Figures of *Judaism*, yet the very next Line perhaps which the Clerk parcels out unto us, hath something in it so extremely *Jewish* and cloudy, that darkens our Sight of God the Saviour : Thus by keeping too close to *David* in the House of God, the Vail of *Moses* is thrown over our Hearts. While we are kindling into divine Love by the Meditations of the *loving Kindness of God*, and the *Multitude of his tender Mercies*, within a few Verses some dreadful Curse against Men is propos'd to our Lips ; That *God would add Iniquity unto their Iniquity, not let 'em come into his Righteousness, but blot 'em out of the Book of the Living*, Psal. 69. 16, 27, 28. which is so contrary to the New Commandment, of *loving our Enemies*. Some Sentences of the *Psalmist* that are expressive of the Temper of our own Hearts and the Circumstances of our Lives may compose our Spirits to Seriousness, and allure us to a sweet Retirement within our selves ; but we meet with a following Line which so peculiarly belongs but to one Action or Hour of the Life of *David* or *Asaph*, that breaks off our Song in the midst ; our Consciences

are affrighted lest we should speak Falshood unto God : Thus the Powers of our Souls are shock'd on a sudden, and our Spirits ruffled before we have time to reflect that this may be sung only as a History of antient Saints ; and perhaps in some Instances that *Salvo* is hardly sufficient neither.

Many Ministers and many private Christians have long groan'd under this Inconvenience, and have wish'd rather than attempted a Reformation : At their importunate and repeated Requests I have for some Years past devoted many Hours of leisure to this Service. Far be it from my Thoughts to lay aside the Psalms of *David* in public Worship ; few can pretend so great a Value for 'em as myself : It is the most artful, most devotional and Divine Collection of Poesy ; and nothing can be suppos'd more proper to raise a pious Soul to Heaven than some parts of that Book ; never was a piece of Experimental Divinity so nobly written and so justly revered and admired. But it must be acknowledged still, that there are a thousand Lines in it which were not made for a Saint in our Day to assume as his own ; There are also many deficiencies of Light and Glory which our Lord *Jesus* and his Apostles have supply

in the Writings of the New Testament; and with this Advantage I have compos'd these spiritual Songs which are now presented to the World. Nor is the Attempt vain-glorious or presuming; for in respect of clear Evangelic Knowledge, *The least in the Kingdom of Heav'n is greater than all the Jewish Prophets*, Mat. 11. 11.

Now let me give a short Account of the following Composures.

The greatest Part of 'em are suited to the General State of the Gospel, and the most common Affairs of Christians: I hope there will be very few found but what may properly be used in a religious Assembly, and not one of 'em but may well be adapted to some Seasons, either of private or of public Worship. The most frequent Tempests and Changes of our Spirit, and Conditions of our Life are here copied, and the Breathings of our Piety exprest according to the variety of our Passions; our Love, our Fear, our Hope, our Desire, our Sorrow, our Wonder and our Joy, all refin'd into Devotion, and acting under the Influence and Conduct of the Blessed Spirit; all conversing with God the Father by the new and living Way of Access to the Throne, even the

Person and the Mediation of our Lord *Jesus Christ*. To him also, even to the *Lamb that was slain and now lives*, I have addrest many a Song ; for thus doth the Holy Scripture instruct and teach us to Worship in the various short Patterns of Christian Psalmodie described in the Revelations. I have avoided the more obscure and controverted Points of Christianity, that we might all obey the Direction of the Word of God, and *sing his Praises with Understanding*, Psal. 47. 7. The Contentions and distinguishing Words of Sects and Parties are secluded, that whole Assemblies might assist at the Harmony, and different Churches join in the same Worship without Offence. The whole Book is confin'd to three Sorts of Metre, and fitted to the most common Tunes. I have seldom permitted a Stop in the middle of a Line, and seldom left the end of a Line without one, to comport a little with the unhappy Mixture of Reading and Singing, which cannot presently be reformed. The Metaphors are generally sunk to the Level of vulgar Capacities. I have aimed at ease of Numbers and Smoothness of Sound, and endeavour'd to make the Sense plain and obvious ; if the Verse appears so gentle and flowing as to incur the Censure of

Feebleness, I may honestly affirm, that sometimes it cost me labour to make it so: Some of the Beauties of Poesy are neglected, and some wilfully defaced: I have thrown out the Lines that were too sonorous, and giv'n an Allay to the Verse, lest a more exalted Turn of Thought or Language should darken or disturb the Devotion of the plainest Souls. But hence it comes to pass, that I have been forc'd to lay aside many Hymns after they were finished, and utterly exclude 'em from this Volume, because of the Bolder Figures of Speech that crowded themselves into the Verse, and a more unconfin'd Variety of Number which I could not easily restrain. Perhaps these may ever long appear as an Additional Part to the Poems already Published under the Title of *Horæ Lyricæ*.

I have divided the whole into three Books.

In the *first* I have borrow'd the Sense, and much of the Form of the Song from some particular Portions of Scripture, and have paraphras'd most of the Doxologies in the New Testament that contain any thing in 'em peculiarly Evangelical, and many parts of the Old Testament

also that have a reference to the Time of the *Messiah*. In these I expect to be often censur'd for a too religious Observation of the Words of Scripture, where by the Verse is weakned and debas'd according to the Judgment of the Criticks. But as my whole Design was to aid the Devotion of Christians, so more Especially this part was written for the meanest of them, and I am satisfied I shall hereby attain two Ends, (*viz.* Assist the Worship of all serious Minds to whom the Expressions of Scripture are ever dear and delightful; and gratify the Taste and Inclination of those who think nothing must be sung unto God but the Translations of his own Word. Yet you will always find in this Paraphrase dark Expressions enlighten'd, and the Levitical Ceremonies, and Hebrew Forms of Speech chang'd into the Worship of the Gospel, and explain'd in the Language of our Time and Nation; and what would not bear such an Alteration is omitted and laid aside. After this manner should I rejoice to see a good part of the Book of Psalms fitted for the use of our Churches, and *David* converted into a Christian. In the first, second and third Psalms especially, I have attempted a Specimen of what I desire and hope

some

Time some more capable Genius will under-
take.

The *Second* Part consists of Hymns
whose Form is of meer humane Compo-
sure, but I hope the Sense and Materials
will always appear Divine. I might
have brought some Text or other, and
applied it to the Margin of every Verse
in this method had been as Useful as it was
easy. If there be any Poems in the Book
that are capable of giving Delight to Per-
sons of a more refin'd Taste and polite
Education, they must be sought for only
in this Part; but except they lay aside
the humour of Criticism, and enter into
a devout Frame, every Ode here already
despairs of pleasing. I confess my self to
have been too often tempted away from
the more Spiritual Designs I propos'd,
by some gay and flowry Expressions that
gratify'd the Fancy; The bright Images
too often prevail'd above the Fire of Di-
vine Affection; and the Light exceeded
the Heat: Yet I hope, in many of them
the Reader will find that Devotion dicta-
ted the Song, and the Head and Hand
were nothing but Interpreters and Se-
cretaries to the Heart: Nor is the Mag-
nificence or Boldness of the Figures com-
parable to that Divine Licence, which is
found

found in the Eighteenth, and Sixty eight Duties
 Psalms, several Chapters of *Job*, and other
 other poetical Parts of Scripture: And in
 this respect, I may hope to escape the
 reproof of those who pay a Sacred Reverence
 to the Holy Bible.

I have prepar'd the *Third Part* only for
 the Celebration of the Lord's Supper
 that in imitation of Our Blessed Saviour
 we might sing an Hymn after we have
 partaken of the Bread and Wine. Here
 you will find some Paraphrases of Scrip-
 ture, and some other Compositions
 There are almost an hundred Hymns in
 the two former Parts that may very pro-
 perly be used in this Ordinance, and
 sometimes perhaps appear more suitable
 than any of these last: But there are Ex-
 pressions used in all these, which confine
 them only to the Table of the Lord, and
 therefore I have distinguish'd and set 'em
 by themselves.

Since there are some Christians who
 are not yet perswaded that it is lawful
 to sing any thing in Divine Worship, but
 a meer Version of some part of the Word
 of God, I have subjoyned a Discourse for
 the satisfaction of their Consciences
 wherein I endeavour to prove, that the

Eighty Duty of Singing under the Gospel is not
and confin'd to the *Jewish* Psalms, or any o-
nd other Scriptural Songs; but that Hymns
be the of human Composure suited to the clea-
Reve- rer *Revelations* of the New Testament,
are encouraged by the Word of God, and
almost necessary for Christian Churches,
ly for that desire to worship Christ in the Beau-
ty of Holiness, and praise him for the
Wonders of redeeming Grace. I ear-
nestly intreat such Persons to read this
Discourse over without prejudice or
prepossession, and seriously to inquire
whether it be not possible for 'em to have
ty'd themselves up too much to Legal
Forms, and whether they find no ground
to release their Consciences from those
Bands, and worship their Redeemer ac-
cording to the more glorious Liberty of
the Gospel.

If the Lord who inhabits the Praises
of *Israel*, shall refuse to smile upon this
Attempt for the Reformation of Psalmo-
die amongst the Churches, yet I humbly
hope that his Blessed Spirit will make
these Composures useful to private Chri-
stians; and if they may but attain the ho-
nour of being esteem'd Pious Meditations
to assist the devout and the retir'd Soul
in the Exercises of Love, Faith and Joy,
'twill

'twill be a valuable Compensation of my Labours; My Heart shall rejoyce at the Notice of it, and my God shall receive the Glory.

TABLE

To find any Hymn by
the First Line.

Note, The First Figure directs
to the Book, the Second to
the Hymn.

A.

Book. Hymn.

A	<i>Dore and tremble at the Name</i>	I.	42
	<i>Alas! and did my Saviour bleed</i>	II.	9
	<i>All mortal Vanities be gone</i>	I.	25
	<i>And are we Wretches yet alive</i>	II.	105
	<i>And must this Body die</i>	II.	110
	<i>And now the Scales have left mine Eyes</i>	II.	81
	<i>Arise my Soul, my joyful Powers</i>	II.	82
	<i>At thy Command, Our dearest Lord</i>	III.	19
	<i>Awake my Heart, arise my Tongue</i>	I.	20
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B.

Backward with humble Shame we look - I. 57
Be-

B. H

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<i>Behold the Grace appears</i>	I.	
<i>Behold the Rose of Sharon here</i>	I.	6
<i>Behold what wondrous Grace</i>	I.	6
<i>Blest be the Everlasting God</i>	I.	2
<i>Blest be the Father and his Love</i>		
(1st Long Metre	III.	la
<i>Blest is the Man, whose cautious Feet</i>	I.	3
<i>Blest Morning! whose young dawning</i>		
(Rays	II.	7
<i>Bright King of Glory, dreadful God</i>	II.	5

C.

<i>Come all harmonious Tongues</i>	II.	8
<i>Come happy Souls, approach your God</i>	II.	10
<i>Come, let us joyn a joyful Tune</i>	III.	
<i>Come, let us joyn our chearful Songs</i>	I.	6
<i>Come, let us lift our joyful Eyes</i>	II.	10
<i>Come, let us lift our Voices high</i>	III.	2
<i>Come Sacred Spirit, heavenly Dove</i>	II.	3
<i>Come we that love the Lord</i>	II.	3

D.

<i>Daughters of Sion, come, behold</i>	I.	7
<i>Death cannot make our Souls afraid</i>	II.	4
<i>Death, I'm prepar'd to meet thee now</i>	I.	2
<i>Death! 'tis a melancholy Day</i>	II.	5
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<i>Down headlong from their native Skies</i>	II.	9

Dread

of the first Lines.

xvii

B. H.

Dread Sovereign, let my Evening Song II. 7

E.

Ere the blue Heav'ns were stretch'd a-
(broad I. 2

F.

Far from my Thoughts, vain World, be-
(gone II. 15
Father, I long, I faint to see II. 68
Firm and unmov'd are they I. 23
From Heav'n the sinning Angels fell II. 97
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G.

Glory to God the Trinity (2d Long
(Metre III. last
Glory to God that walks the Sky II. 59
Glory to God the Fathers Name
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God, who in various Methods told I. 53
Great God, how infinite art thou II. 67
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H.

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Hap-

B.

<i>Happy the Heart where Graces reign</i>	II.
<i>Hark! from the Tombs a doleful Sound</i>	II.
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<i>(claims</i>	I.
<i>Hence from my Soul, sad Thoughts be</i>	
<i>(gone</i>	II.
<i>Here at thy Cross, my dying God</i>	II.
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<i>Holanna to our conquering King</i>	II.
<i>Hosanna to the Prince of Light</i>	II.
<i>Hosanna to the Royal Son</i>	I.
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<i>How beauteous are their Feet</i>	I.
<i>How condescending, and how kind</i>	III.
<i>How full of anguish is the Thought</i>	II.
<i>How honourable is the Place</i>	I.
<i>How rich are thy Provisions Lord</i>	III.
<i>How sad our State by Nature is</i>	II.
<i>How short and hasty is our Life</i>	II.
<i>How strong thine Arm is, mighty God</i>	I.
<i>How sweet and awful is the Place</i>	III.
<i>How vain are all things here below</i>	II.
<i>How wondrous great, how glorious</i>	
<i>(bright</i>	II.

J.

<i>Jesus invites his Saints</i>	III.
<i>Jesus is gone above the skies</i>	III.
<i>Jesus, the Man of constant Grief</i>	I.
<i>Jesus, we bless thy Fathers Name</i>	I.

of the first Lines.

xix

B. H.
 II. Jesus, we bowe before thy Feet
 II. Jesus, with all thy Saints above
 I. I lift my Banners, saith the Lord
 ro- In Gabriel's Hand a mighty Stone
 I. Infinite Grief, amazing Woe
 In thine own Ways, O God of Love
 II. In vain the wealthy Mortals toil
 II. In vain we lavish out our Lives
 II. I send the Joys of Earth away
 II. In this the kind Return

B. H.
 III. 18
 II. 29
 I. 29
 I. 59
 II. 95
 I. 30
 I. 24
 I. 9
 II. 11
 II. 74

K.

Kind is the Speech of Christ Our Lord I. 73

L.

Let all our Tongues be one
 Let every mortal Ear attend
 Let God the Father live (1st Short
 (Metre
 Let him imbrace my Soul and prove
 Let God the Makers Name (2d Short
 (Metre

III. 9
 I. 7
 III. last
 I. 66

Let me but hear my Saviour say
 Let mortal Tongues attempt to sing
 Let others boast how strong they be
 Let them neglect thy Glory, Lord
 Let the old Heathens tune their Songs
 Let the seventh Angel sound on high
 Let the whole Race of Creatures lie
 Let us adore th' Eternal Word

III. last
 I. 15
 I. 58
 II. 19
 II. 35
 II. 21
 I. 65
 II. 99
 III. 5

Lift

B.

Lift up your Eyes to th' heav'nly Seats	II.
Look gracious God, how num'rous they	I.
Lord at thy Temple we appear	I.
Lord, how Divine thy Comforts are	III.
Lord, how secure and blest are they	II.
Lord, we adore thy bounteous Hand	III.
Lord, we adore thy vast Designs	II.
Lord, we are blind, We Mortals blind	II.
Lord, what a feeble Piece	I.
Lord, what a Heaven of saving Grace	II.
Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I	I.
Lord, what a wretched Land is this	II.
Lord, when my Thoughts with wonder	
(roll	II.
Loud Hallelujahs to the Lord	I.
Lo! what a glorious Sight appears	I.
Lo! what an entertaining Sight	I.

M.

My drowsie Pow'rs, why sleep you so	II.
My God, my Life, my Love	II.
My God, my Portion, and my Love	II.
My God, the Spring of all my Joys	II.
My God, what endless Pleasures dwell	II.
My Heart, how dreadful hard it is	II.
My Soul, come meditate the Day	II.
My Soul forsakes her vain Delight	II.
My Thoughts on awful Subjects roll	II.

N.

Naked as from the Earth we came	I.
---------------------------------	----

Na-

of the first Lines.

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B.		B.	H.
II.	Nature with all her Powers shall sing.	II.	1
I.	Nature with open Volume stands	III.	10
I.	No, Ple repine at Death no more	II.	102
III.	No, I shall envy them no more	II.	56
II.	Now be the Lord of Israel blest	I.	50
III.	Now for a Tune of lofty Praise	II.	43
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II.	(God	III.	14
I.	Now in the Galleries of his Grace	I.	77
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	Now to the Lord a noble Song	II.	47
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I.			
I.			
I.			
	O.		
	O for an overcoming Faith	I.	17
	Often I seek my Lord by Night	I.	71
	O! if my Soul were farm'd for Woe	II.	106
	Once more my Soul the rising Day	II.	6
	O the Almighty Lord	II.	80
	O the Delights, the Heav'nly Joys	II.	91
	Our days, alas! our mortal Days	II.	39
	Our God, how firm his Promise stands	II.	40
	Our Sins, alas! how strong they be	II.	88
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	Our Spirits joyn t' adore the Lamb	III.	22
	P.		
	Plung'd in a Gulph of dark Despair	II.	79
	Praise, everlasting Praise be paid	II.	60
			Raise

B.

R.

Raise thee my Soul, fly up, and run II.
Raise your triumphant Songs II.
Rise, rise my Soul, and leave the Ground II.

S.

Salvation, O the joyful sound	II.
See where the great incarnate God	I.
Shine mighty God, on Britain shine	J.
Shout to the Lord, and let our Joys	II.
Sing to the Lord that built the Skies	II.
Sing to the Lord with joyful Voice	I.
Sing to the Lord ye heav'nly Hosts	II.
Stand up, my Soul, shake off thy Fears	II.
Stoop down my Thoughts that use to rise	II.

T.

Terrible God that reign'st on high	II.
That awful day will surely come	II.
Thee we adore eternal Name	II.
The Glories of my Maker God	II.
The God of Mercy be ador'd (2d Com.	
ad (Metre	III.
The Lands that long in darkness lay	I.
The Memory of our dying Lord	III.
The promise of my Father's Love	III.
There is a Land of pure Delight	II.
There's no Ambition swells my Heart.	I.
There was an Hour when Christ rejoyc'd I	

These

of the first Lines. xxiii

B. H.

These Glorious Minds, how bright they (shine	I. 41
The true Messiah now appears	II. 12
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U.

Unshaken as the Sacred Hill	I. 22
Up to the Fields where Angels lie	II. 41
Up to the Lord that reigns on high	II. 46

W.

We are a Garden wall'd around	I. 74
Welcome sweet Day of Rest	II. 14
Well, the Redeemers gone	II. 36
We sing th' amazing Deeds	III. 17
We sing the Glories of thy Love	I. 56
What equal Honours shall we bring	I. 63
What happy Men, or Angels these	I. 40
What mighty Man, or mighty God	I. 28
Whence do our mournful Thoughts arise	I. 32
When I can read my Title clear	II. 65
When in the Light of Faith Divine	II. 101
When I survey the wondrous Cross	III. 7
When	

B.

<i>When we are rais'd from deep distress</i>	I.
<i>When Strangers stand and hear me tell</i>	I.
<i>When the first Parents of our Race</i>	II.
<i>When the Great Builder stretch'd the</i> (Skies	II.
<i>Who is this fair One in distress</i>	I.
<i>Who shall the Lord's Elect condemn</i>	I.
<i>Why did the Jews proclaim their Rage</i>	I.
<i>Why does your Face, ye happy Souls</i>	II.
<i>Why do we mourn departing Friends</i>	II.
<i>Why is my Heart so far from Thee</i>	II.
<i>Why should we start and fear to die</i>	II.
<i>With holy Fear and humble Song</i>	II.

Y.

<i>Ye Saints, how lovely is the Place</i>	I.
<i>Ye that obey th' immortal King.</i>	I.

Hymn

H Y M N S

A N D

Spiritual Songs.

B O O K I.

Collected from the Holy Scriptures.

- I. *A New Song to the Lamb that was slain, Rev. 5. 6, 8, 9, 10, 12.*

1 **B**ehold the Glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's Throne:
Prepare new Honours for his
(Name,
And Songs before unknown.

- 2 Let Elders worship at his Feet,
The Church adore around,

B

With

With Vials full of Odours sweet,
And Harps of sweeter Sound.

3 Those are the Prayers of the Saints,
And these the Hymns they raise :
Jesus is kind to our Complaints,
He loves to hear our Praise.

4 Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy Secret Will ?
Who but the Son should take that Book
And open ev'ry Seal ?

5 He shall fulfil thy great Decrees,
The Son deserves it well ;
Lo, in his Hand the Sov'reign Keys
Of Heav'n, and Death, and Hell.

6 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless Blessings paid ;
Salvation, Glory, Joy remain
For ever on thy Head.

7 Thou hast redeem'd our Souls with Blood
Hast set the Prisoners free,
Hast made us Kings and Priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

8 The Worlds of Nature and of Grace
Are put beneath thy Pow'r ;
Then shorten these delaying Days,
And bring the promis'd Hour:

II. *The Deity and Humanity of Christ,*
John 1. 1, 3, 14. and Col. 1. 16.
and Eph. 3. 9, 10.

1 E'RE the blue Heav'ns were stretch't a-
(broad,
From Everlasting was the Word ;
With God he was ; the Word was God,
And must Divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own Pow'r were all things made ;
By him supported all things stand ;
He is the whole Creation's Head,
And Angels fly at his Command.

3 E're Sin was born, or *Satan* fell,
He led the Host of Morning-Stars ;
Thy Generation who can tell,
Or count the Numbers of thy Years ?

4 But Lo, he leaves those Heavenly Forms,
The Word descends and dwells in Clay,
That he may hold Converse with Worms,
Drest in such feeble Flesh as they.

5 Mortals with Joy beheld his Face,
Th' Eternal Father's only Son ;
How full of Truth ! how full of Grace,
When thro' his Eyes the Godhead shone !

6 Arch-Angels leave their high Abode,
To learn new Mysteries here, and tell
The Loves of our descending God,
The Glories of *Emanuel*.

III. *The Nativity of Christ*, Luk
1. 30, &c. Luke 2. 10, &c.

- 1 **B**Ehold, the Grace appears,
The Promise is fulfill'd;
Mary the wondrous Virgin bears,
And *Jesus* is the Child.
- 2 The Lord, the Highest God
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the Lands abroad,
And gives him *David's* Throne.
- 3 O're *Jacob* shall he reign
With a peculiar Sway;
The Nations shall his Grace obtain,
His Kingdom ne're decay.
- 4 To bring the glorious News
A heav'nly Form appears;
He tells the Shepherds of their Joys,
And banishes their Fears.
- 5 "Go humble Swains, said he,
"To *David's* City fly;
"The promis'd Infant born to Day
"Doth in a Manger lye.
- 6 "With Looks and Hearts serene
"Go Visit *Christ* your King;
And strait a flaming Troop was seen;
The Shepherds heard them sing.
- 7 Glory to God on High,
And heavenly Peace on Earth,

"Go

" Good-Will to Men, To Angels Joy,
 " At the Redeemer's Birth.

8 In Worship so Divine
 Let Saints imploy their Tongues ;
 With the Celestial Host we join,
 And loud repeat their Songs.

9 " Glory to God on High,
 " And Heavenly Peace on Earth,
 " Good-Will to Men, To Angels Joy,
 " At our Redeemer's Birth.

IV. *Christ Crucified, Risen, Interceding and Reigning, Pſal. 2.*

1 **W**hy did the *Jews* proclaim their Rage?
 The *Romans*, why their Swords
 (imploy ?
 Againſt the Lord their Pow'rs engage
 His dear Anointed to deſtroy.

2 " Come, let us break his Bands (they ſay)
 " This Man ſhall never give us Laws ;
 And thus they caſt his Yoke away,
 And nail'd the Monarch to the Croſs.

3 But God who high in Glory reigns,
 Laughſat their Pride, their Rage controlls ;
 He'll vex their Hearts with inward Pains,
 And ſpeak in Thunder to their Souls.

4 " I will maintain the King I made
 " On *Sion's* Everlaſting Hill ;
 " My Hand ſhall bring him from the Dead,
 " And he ſhall ſtand your Sov'reign ſtill.

- 5 " His wondrous Rising from the Earth
 " Makes his Eternal Godhead known ;
 " Then I declare his Heav'nly Birth,
 " *This Day have I begot my Son.*
- 6 " Ascend, my Son, to my right Hand,
 " There Thou shalt ask, and I bestow
 " The utmost Bounds of Heathen Land ;
 " To thee the *British* Isles shall bow.
- 7 " But all that hate the Saviour-God,
 " Both Western *Priest*, and Eastern *Turk*
 " Shall fall beneath thine Iron Rod,
 " As Potters dash their Earthen Work.
- 8 Now ye that sit on Earthly Thrones
 Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb;
 Now to his Feet submit your Crowns,
 Rejoice and tremble at his Name.
- 9 With humble Love, Go, kiss the Son,
 Lest he grow angry and ye die:
 His Wrath will burn to Worlds unknown
 If ye provoke his Jealousy.
- 10 His Storms shall drive you quick to Hell
 He is a God, and ye but Dust,
 Happy the Souls that know him well,
 And make his Grace their only Trust.

V. *Submission to afflictive Providences,*

Job 1. 21.

- 1 **N**Aked as from the Earth we came
 And crept to Life at first,

B. I. *Spiritual Songs.*

7

We to the Earth return again,
And mingle with our Dust.

2 The dear Delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short Favours borrow'd Now,
To be repay'd Anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our Comforts high,
Or sinks 'em in the Grave.
He gives, and (blessed be his Name)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry Passions then,
Let each rebellious Sigh
Be hush't into a pious Calm,
And every Murmur die.

5 If smiling Mercy crown our Lives
Its Praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the Justice too
That strikes our Comforts dead.

VI. *Triumph over Death, Job 19.*
ver. 25, 26, 27.

1 **G**reat God, I own thy Sentence just,
And Nature must decay,
I yield my Body to the Dust,
To dwell with Fellow-clay.

2 Yet Faith may triumph o're the Grave,
And trample on the Tombs:
My *Jesus*, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

- 3 The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear
High on a Royal Seat,
And Death the last of all his Foes
Lie vanquish'd at his Feet.
- 4 Let greedy Worms devour my Skin,
And gnaw my wasting Flesh,
But God shall build my Bones again,
And cloath 'em all afresh.
- 5 Then shall I see thy lovely Face
With strong immortal Eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown Grace
With Pleasure and Surprize.

VII. *The Invitation of the Gospel*
Isa. 55. 1, 2, &c.

- 1 **L**et ev'ry Mortal Ear attend,
And ev'ry Heart rejoice,
The Trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting Voice.
- 2 Ho, all ye hungry starving Souls
That feed upon the Wind,
And vainly strive with Earthly Toys
To fill an empty Mind.
- 3 Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
A Soul-reviving Feast,
And bids your longing Appetites
Of every Dainty taste.
- 4 Ho, ye that pant for living Streams,
And pine away and die,

Here you may quench your raging Thirst
With Springs that never dry.

5 In a vast Ocean of rich Grace
The milky Rivers join,
Salvation in abundance flows
Like Floods of gen'rous Wine.

6 Ye Perishing and naked Poor,
Who work with mighty Pain,
To weave a Garment of your own
That will not hide your Sin.

of pe

7 Come naked, and adorn your Souls
In Robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the Fingers of his Son
And dy'd in sacred Blood.

8 Dear God, the Treasures of thy Love
Are everlasting Mines,
Deep as our helpless Miseries are,
And boundless as our Sins.

9 The happy Gates of Gospel-Grace
Stand open Night and Day,
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our Wants away.

VIII. *The Safety and Protection of
the Church, Isa. 26. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.*

HOW honourable is the Place
Where we adoring stand,
Zion the Glory of the Earth,
And Beauty of the Land!

- 2 Bulwarks of mighty Grace defend
The City where we dwell,
The Walls of strong Salvation made,
Defie th' Assaults of Hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting Gates
Wide ope the Portals fling,
Enter ye Nations that obey
The Statutes of our King.
- 4 Here shall you taste unmingled Joys,
And live in perfect Peace,
You that have known *Jehovah's* Name,
And ventur'd on his Grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your Fears,
Strength in the Lord *Jehovah* dwells,
Eternal as his Years.
- 6 What tho the Rebels dwell on high
His Arm shall bring them low,
Low as the Caverns of the Grave
Their lofty Heads shall bow.
- 7 On *Babylon* our Feet shall tread
In that rejoycing Hour,
The ruins of her Walls shall spread
A Pavement for the Poor.

IX. *The Promises of the Covenant of*
Grace, Isa. 55. 1, 2. Zech. 13. 1
Mica. 7. 19. Ezek. 36. 25, &c.

- 1 **I**N vain we lavish out our Lives
To gather empty Wind,

The choicest Dainty's Earth can yield
Will starve a hungry Mind.

2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our Souls
With more substantial Meat,
With such as Saints in Glory love,
With such as Angels eat.

3 Our God will ev'ry Want supply,
And fill our Hearts with Peace,
He gives by Cov'nant and by Oath
The Riches of his Grace.

4 Come, and He'll cleanse our spotted Souls,
And wash away our Stains
In the dear Fountain that his Son
Pour'd from his dying Veins.

5 Our Guilt shall vanish all away
In sacred crimson Waves,
Our Sins shall sink beneath the Sea
To everlasting Graves.

6 And lest Defilements shou'd o're-spread
Our inward Pow'rs again,
His Spirit shall bedew our Souls
Like purifying Rain.

7 Our Heart, that flinty stubborn thing
That Terrors cannot move,
That fears no threatnings of his Wrath,
Shall be dissolv'd by Love.

8 Or else he'll put away the Flint
That cou'd not be refin'd,
And from the Treasures of his Grace
Bestow a softer Mind.

, There

9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his Law,
And every Motion of our Souls
To swift Obedience draw.

10 Thus will he pour Salvation down
And we shall render Praise,
We the dear People of his Love,
And he our God of Grace.

X. *The Blessedness of Gospel-Times*
Or, *The Revelation of Christ*
Jews and Gentiles, Isa. 5. 2, 7, 8
9, 10. Matt. 13. 16, 17.

1 **H**OW beauteous are their Feet
Who stand on Zion's Hill,
Who bring Salvation on their Tongues,
And Words of Peace reveal!

2 How charming is their Voice!
How sweet the Tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
"He Reigns and Triumphs here.

3 How happy are our Ears
That hear this joyful Sound
Which Kings and Prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our Eyes
That see this Heav'nly Light;
Prophets and Kings desir'd it long
But dy'd without the sight!

5 The Watchmen join their Voice,
And tuneful Notes imploy;
Jerusalem breaks forth in Songs,
And Desarts learn the Joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his Arm
Thro' all the Earth abroad,
Let ev'ry Nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

mes **XI.** *The Ignorant enlightened, and
Carnal Reason blinded: Or, The
Sovereignty of Grace, Luke 10. 21,
22.*

1 **T**here was an Hour when *Christ* re-
(joyc'd,
And spoke his Joy in Words of Praise;
"Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
"Lord of the Earth and Heavens and Seas.

2 "I thank thy Sov'reign Pow'r and Love,
"That crowns my Doctrine with success;
"And makes the Babes in Knowledge learn
"The Heights, and Breadths, and Lengths
(of Grace.

3 "But all this Glory lies conceal'd
"From Men of Prudence and of Wit:
"The Prince of Darknes blinds their Eyes,
"And their own Pride resists the Light.

4 "Father, 'tis thus, because thy Will
"Chose and ordain'd it should be so;

he " 'Tis

- " 'Tis thy Delight t' abase the Proud,
 " And lay their haughty Reason low.
 5 " There's none can know the Father right
 " But those who learn it from the Son;
 " Nor can the Son be well receiv'd,
 " But where the Father makes him known
 6 Then let our Souls adore our God
 That deals his Graces as he please,
 Nor gives to Mortals an Account
 Or of his Actions, or Decrees.

XII. *Free Grace in revealing Christ*
 Luke 10. 21.

- 1 *J*esus the Man of constant Grief,
 A Mourner all his Days;
 His Spirit once rejoyc'd aloud,
 And turn'd his Joy to Praise.
 2 " Father, I thank thy wondrous Love
 " That hath reveal'd thy Son
 " To Men unlearned; and to Babes
 " Has made thy Gospel known.
 3 " The Myst'ries of Redeeming Grace
 " Are hidden from the Wise,
 " While Pride and carnal Reason join
 " To swell and blind their Eyes.
 4 Thus doth the Lord of Heav'n and Earth
 His great Decrees fulfil,
 And orders all his Works of Grace
 By his own Sovereign Will.

XIII. *The Son of God incarnate : Or,
The Titles and the Kingdom of
Christ, Isa. 9. 2, 6, 7.*

1 THE Lands that long in Darkneſs lay
Now have beheld a heavenly Light ;
Nations that ſat in Death's cold Shade
Are bleſt with Beams divinely bright.

2 The Virgin's promis'd Son is born,
Behold th' expected Child appear ;
What ſhall his Names or Titles be ?
The Wonderful, the Counſellor.

3 This Infant is the Mighty God
Come to be ſuckled and ador'd ;
Th' Eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The Son of *David*, and his Lord.

4 The Government of Earth and Seas
Upon his Shoulder ſhall be laid :
His wide Dominions ſtill increaſe,
And Honours to his Name be paid.

5 *Jeſus* the Holy Child ſhall ſit
High on his Father *David's* Throne,
Shall cruſh his Foes beneath his Feet,
And reign to Ages yet unknown.

XIV. *The*

XIV. *The Triumph of Faith : O*
Christ's unchangeable Love, Rom
 8. 33. &c.

- 1 **W**HO shall the Lord's Elect condemn
 'Tis God that justifies their Souls
 And Mercy like a mighty Stream
 O're all their Sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the Saints to Hell?
 'Tis *Christ* that suffer'd in their stead,
 And the Salvation to fulfil
 Behold him rising from the Dead.
- 3 He lives, he lives, and sits above
 For ever interceding there.
 Who shall divide us from his Love,
 Or what should tempt us to despair?
- 4 Shall Persecution, or Distress,
 Famine, or Sword, or Nakedness?
 He that hath lov'd us bears us thro',
 And makes us more than Conqu'rors too.
- 5 Faith hath an over-coming Power,
 It triumphs in the dying Hour;
Christ is our Life, our Joy, our Hope,
 Nor can we sink with such a Prop.
- 6 Not all that Men on Earth can do,
 Nor Pow'rs on high, nor Pow'rs below,
 Shall cause his Mercy to remove,
 Or wean our Hearts from *Christ* our Love.

: C. XV. *Our own Weakness, and Christ*
Rom *our Strength, 2 Cor. 12. 7, 9, 10.*

- 1 **L**ET me but hear my Saviour say
emmn. "Strength shall be equal to thy Day,
Souls Then I rejoyce in deep Distress,
Leaning on All-sufficient Grace.
- 2 I Glory in Infirmary,
1? That *Christ's* own Pow'r may rest on me;
l, When I am weak then am I strong,
Grace is my Shield, and *Christ* my Song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear
All Suff'rings if my Lord be there;
Sweet Pleasures mingle with the Pains,
While His Left-Hand my Head sustains.
- 4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the Work alone,
When new Temptations spring and rise
We find how great our Weakness is.
- 5 So *Sampson* when his Hair was lost,
Met the *Philistines* to his Cost,
Shook his vain Limbs with sad surprize,
Made feeble Fight, and lost his Eyes.

XVI. *Hosanna to Christ, Mat. 21.*
9. Luk. 19. 38, 40.

- 1 **H**osanna to the royal Son
Of *David's* antient Line,

His

His Natures Two, his Person One,
Myſterious and Divine.

- 2 The Root of *David* here we find,
And Offspring is the ſame;
Eternity and Time are joyn'd
In our *Emanuel's* Name.
- 3 Bleſt He that comes to wretched Men
With peaceful News from Heav'n;
Hofanna's of the higheſt Strain
To *Chriſt* the Lord be giv'n.
- 4 Let Mortals ne're reſuſe to take
Th' *Hofanna* on their Tongues,
Leſt Rocks and Stones ſhould riſe, and bre
Their Silence into Songs.

XVII. *Victory over Death*, 1 Co
15. 55, &c.

- 1 O For an overcoming Faith
To cheer my Dying Hours,
To triumph o're the Monster Death,
And all his frightful Pow'rs!
- 2 Joyful with all the Strength I have,
My quivering Lips ſhould ſing,
Where is thy boasted Victory, Grave?
And where the Monsters Sting?
- 3 If Sin be pardon'd I'm ſecure,
Death hath no Sting beſide;
The Law gives Sin i'ts damning Pow'r,
But *Chriſt* my Ransom dy'd.

Now to the God of Victory
Immortal Thanks be paid,
Who makes us Conqu'rors while we die,
Thro' *Christ* our Living Head.

XVIII. *Blessed are the Dead that
die in the Lord, Rev. 14. 13.*

Hear what the Voice from Heav'n pro-
For all the pious Dead,
Sweet is the favour of their Names,
And soft their sleeping Bed.

2 They die in *Jesus* and are blest,
How kind their Slumbers are!
From Suff'rings and from Sins releast,
And freed from ev'ry snare.

3 Far from this World of Toyl and Strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The Labours of their Mortal Life
End in a large Reward.

XIX. *The Song of Simeon; or, Death
made Desirable, Luke 1. 27, &c.*

1 **L**ord, at thy Temple we appear,
As happy *Simeon* came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
O make our Joys the same!

2 With what Divine and vast Delight
The good old Man was fill'd,

When

When fondly in his wither'd Arms
He clasp'd the holy Child !

- 3 " *Now I can leave this World, he cry'd,*
" *Behold thy Servant dies,*
" *I've seen thy great Salvation, Lord,*
" *And close my peaceful Eyes.*

- 4 " *This is the Light prepar'd to shine*
" *Upon the Gentile Lands,*
" *Thine Israel's Glory, and their Hope*
" *To break their Slavish Bands.*

- 5 *Jesus, the Vision of thy Face*
Hath overpow'ring Charms,
Scarce shall I feel Death's cold Embrace
If Christ be in my Arms.

- 6 *Then while ye hear my Heart-strings break*
How sweet my Minutes roll !
A mortal Paleness on my Cheek,
And Glory in my Soul.

XX. *Spiritual Apparel, (viz.) The*
Robe of Righteousness, and Gar-
ments of Salvation, Isaiah 61. 10

- 1 **A** *Wake my Heart, arise my Tongue,*
Prepare a tuneful Voice,
In God the Life of all my Joys
Aloud will I rejoyce.

- 2 'Tis he odorn'd my naked Soul,
And made Salvation mine,
Upon a poor polluted Worm
He makes His Graces shine.

- And left the shadow of a Spot
Should on my Soul be found,
He took the Robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.
- How far the Royal Robe exceeds
What Princely Spouſes wear ;
Theſe Ornaments how bright they ſhine !
How white the Garments are !
- The Sanctifying Spirit fram'd
The Needle-work of Grace,
But *Jeſus* ſpent his Life to work
The Robe of Righteouſneſs.
- Strangely, my Soul, art thou array'd
By the great Sacred Three :
In the ſweet Muſick of their Praise,
Let all thy Powers agree.

XXI. *A Viſion of the Kingdom of
Chriſt among Men, Revel. 21. 1,
2, 3, 4.*

- L**O, what a Glorious Sight appears
To our believing Eyes !
The Earth and Sea are paſſ'd away,
And the old rolling Skies.
- From the third Heaven where God reſides,
That holy happy Place,
The New *Jeruſalem* comes down
Adorn'd with ſhining Grace.
- Attending Angels ſhout for Joy,
And the bright Armies ſing,
- " Mor-

- “Mortals, behold the Sacred Seat
 “Of your descending King.
- 4 “The God of Glory down to Men
 “Removes his blest Abode,
 “Men the dear Objects of his Grace,
 “And he the loving God.
- 5 “His own soft Hand shall wipe the Tears
 “From every weeping Eye, (Fe
 “And Pains, and Groans, and Grievs,
 “And Death it self shall Dye.
- 6 How Long, dear Saviour, oh how Long
 Shall this bright Hour delay?
 Rowl swifter round ye Wheels of Time
 And bring the welcome day.

XXII. *The Saints Security and Moderated Afflictions, Psalm 125.*

- 1 UNshaken as the Sacred Hill,
 And firm as Mountains be,
 Firm as a Rock the Soul shall rest
 That leans, O Lord, on thee.
- 2 As tow’ring Hills stood Guardians round
 Jerusalem of old,
 A mighty Wall of stronger Love
 Does every Saint enfold.
- 3 While Tyrants are a smarting Scourge
 To drive them near to God,
 Divine Compassion does allay
 The Fury of the Rod.

Deal gently Lord, with Souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright Gates of Paradise,
Where their Forerunner's gone.

But those that trace the crooked Paths
That the old Serpent drew,
The Bolts that drove him quick to Hell,
Shall dash them downward too.

XXIII. *The Same.*

Firm and unmov'd are they
That lean their Souls on God,
Firm as the Mount where Glorious Grace
Had chosen its Abode.

Just as the Mountains Guard
Old *Salem's* Sacred Ground,
So Omnipresence in its Arms
Circles its Saints around.

What tho the Father's Rod
Drops a Chastising stroke,
Yet lest it wound their Souls too deep,
Its Fury shall be broke.

Deal gently Lord, with those
Whose Faith and Pious Fear,
Whose Hope and Love and every Grace
Proclaim their Hearts sincere.

But such as turn aside,
And tread their crooked Ways,
Plagues and swift Ruine shall pursue,
While *Israel* dwells in Peace.

XXIV. *The*

**XXIV. *The Rich Sinner Dying,
the Poor Saint rising again ;***

149. ver. 6, 9, 14, 15.

- 1 **I**N vain the wealthy Mortals toyl,
And heap their shining Dust in v
Look down and scorn the humble Poor
And boast their lofty Hills of Gain.
- 2 Their Golden Cordials cannot ease
Their pained Hearts or aking Heads,
Nor fright nor bribe approaching Dea
From glittering Roofs and downey Be
- 3 The lingring, the unwilling Soul,
The dismal Summons must obey,
And bid a long, a sad farewell
To the pale Lump of Lifeless Clay.
- 4 Thence they are huddled to the Grave,
Where Kings & Slaves have equal Thro
Their Bones without Distinction lie
Amongst the Heap of meaner Bones.
- 5 There the dark Earth and gloomy Sha
Shall clasp their naked Body round,
And welcome their delicious Limbs
With the cold Kisses of the Ground.
- 6 Pale Death shall riot on their Souls,
Their Flesh shall noisom Vermine eat,
The Just shall in the Morning rise
And find their Tyrants at their Feet.

My Saviour will redeem my Life
From the strong Fetters of the Grave,
And the bright Realms of Paradise,
My new-dress'd Spirit shall receive.

There Pleasure flows in living streams,
Pleasure whose fullness never cloy,
And Years of long Eternity
Measure the Date of circling Joys.

XXV. *A Vision of the Lamb ; Revel.*

5. 6, 7, 8, 9.

ALL Mortal Vanities, be gone,
Nor tempt my Eyes, nor tire my Ears,
Behold amidst th' Eternal Throne
A Vision of the Lamb appears.

Glory his Fleecy Robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody Death he bore.
Sev'n are his Eyes, and Sev'n his Horns,
To speak his Wisdom and his Pow'r.

Lo, he receives a sealed Book
From him that sits upon the Throne :
Jesus my Lord prevails to look
On dark Decrees, and things unknown.

All the assembling Saints around
Fall worshiping before the Lamb,
And in new Songs of Gospel-sound
Address their Honours to his Name.

The Joy, the Shout, the Harmony
Flies o're the Everlasting Hills,

“ Worthy art thou alone (they cry)
 “ To read the Book, to loose the Seals.

- 6 Our Voices joyn the Heav'nly Strain,
 And with transporting Pleasure sing,
 Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
 To be our Teacher and our King.
- 7 His Words of Prophecy reveal
 Eternal Councils, deep Designs;
 His Grace and Vengeance shall fulfil
 The peaceful and the dreadful Lines.
- 8 Thou hast redeem'd our Souls from Hell
 With thine invaluable Blood;
 And Wretches that did once rebel
 Are now made Fav'rites of their God.
- 9 Worthy for ever is the Lord
 That dy'd for Treasons not his own,
 By ev'ry Tongue to be ador'd,
 And dwell upon his Father's Throne.

XXVI. *Hope of Heaven by the Re-
 rection of Christ ; 1 Pet. 1. 3, 4*

- 1 **B**lest be the Everlasting God,
 The Father of our Lord,
 Be his abounding Mercy prais'd,
 His Majesty ador'd.
- 2 When from the Dead he rais'd his Son
 And call'd him to the Sky,
 He gave our Souls a lively Hope
 That they should never die.

What tho' our inbred Sins require
Our Flesh to see the Dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose
So all his Followers must.

There's an Inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that Day,
Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waſt away.

Saints by the Pow'r of God are kept
Till the Salvation come;
We walk by Faith as Strangers here
Till Chriſt ſhall call us home.

XXVII. *Aſſurance of Heaven, or a
Saint prepared to die ; 2 Tim. 4.
6, 7, 8, 18.*

DEath, I'm prepar'd to meet thee now,
Convey my Spirit home;
Why do my Minutes move ſo ſlow,
Nor my Salvation come?

With heav'nly Weapons I have fought
The Battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my Courſe, and kept the Faith,
And wait for the Reward.

God has laid up in Heav'n for me
A Crown which cannot fade;
The Righteous Judge at that great Day
Shall place it on my Head.

Nor hath the King of Grace decreed
This Prize for me alone;

But all that love, and long to see
Th' Appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus the Lord shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill Delign;
And to his Heav'nly Kingdom keep
This feeble Soul of mine.

6 God is my Everlasting Aid,
And Hell shall rage in vain,
To him be highest Glory paid,
And endless Praise. *Amen.*

XXVIII. *The Triumph of Christ
over the Enemies of his Church;*
63. 1, 2, 3, &c.

1 **W**Hat Mighty Man, or Mighty God,
Comes Travelling in state,
Along the *Idumean* Road
Away from *Bozrah's* Gate?

2 The Glory of his Robes proclaim
'Tis some Victorious King,
" 'Tis I, the Just, th' Almighty One
" That your Salvation bring.

3 Why, Mighty Lord, thy Saints enquire
Why thine Apparel red?
And all thy Vesture stain'd like those
Who in the Wine-press tread?

4 " I by my self have trod the Press,
" And crush'd my Foes alone,
" My Wrath has dash'd the Rebels down,
" And Fury stamp'd 'em down.

'Tis *Edom's* Blood that dyes my Robes
 "With joyful Scarlet Stains,
 The Triumph that my Rayment wears
 "Sprung from their broken Veins.
 "Thus shall the Nations be destroy'd
 "That dare insult my Saints,
 "I have an Arm t' avenge their Wrongs,
 "An Ear for their Complaints.

XXIX. *The Second Part ; Or, The
 Ruin of Antichrist ; ver. 4, 5, 6, 7.*

Lift my Banners, faith the Lord,
 Where *Antichrist* has stood,
 The City of my Gospel-Foes
 Shall be a Field of Blood.

My Heart has study'd just Revenge,
 And now the Day appears,
 The Day of my Redeem'd is come
 To wipe away their Tears.

Quite weary is my Patience grown,
 And bids my Fury go ;
 Swift as the Lightning it shall move,
 And be as fatal too.

I call for Helpers, but in vain :
 Then has my Gospel none ?
 Well, mine own Arm has Might enough
 To plague my Foes alone.

Slaughter and my devouring Sword
 Shall walk the Streets around,

Babel shall reel beneath my Stroke,
And stagger to the Ground.

- 6 Thy Honours, O victorious King,
Thine own Right-hand shall raise,
While we thy awful Vengeance sing,
And our Deliv'rer praise.

XXX. *Prayer for Deliverance, and
Gracious Answer; Isa. 26. v. 8
9, &c. 20, 21.*

- 1 **I**N thine own ways, O God of Love,
We wait the visits of thy Grace,
Our Souls Desire is to thy Name,
And the Remembrance of thy Face.
- 2 My Thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee
'Mongst the black shades of lonesom Night
My earnest Crys salute the Skys
Before the Dawn restore the Light.
- 3 Look, how Rebellious Men deride
The tender Patience of my God,
But they shall see thy lifted Hand,
And feel the Scourges of thy Rod.
- 4 Hark, the Eternal rends the Sky,
A mighty Voice before him goes,
A Voice of Musick to his Friends,
And threatning Thunder to his Foes.
- 5 Come Children to your Father's Arms,
Hide in the Chambers of my Grace,
Till the fierce Storms be overblown,
And my revenging Fury cease.

I. *Spiritual Songs.*

31

My Sword shall boast its thousands slain,
And drink the Blood of haughty Kings,
While Heav'nly Peace around my Flock
Stretches its soft and shady Wings.

XXXI. *The Happy Saint, and Cursed Sinner ; Psalm 1st.*

BLeft is the Man whose cautious Feet
Shun the broad Path where Sinners go,
Who hates the House where Atheists meet,
And fears to talk as Scoffers do.

He loves t' employ his Morning Light
Reading the Statutes of the Lord,
And spends the wakeful Hours of Night
With Pleasure pondring o're the Word.

He like a Plant by gentle Streams
Shall flourish in Immortal Green,
And Heav'n will shine with kindest Beams
On every Work his Hands begin.

But Sinners find their Counsels cross'd ;
As Chaff before the Tempest flies,
So shall their Hopes be blown and lost
When the last Trumpet shakes the Skies.

In vain the Rebel crowds to stand
In Judgment with the Pious Race ;
The dreadful Judge with stern Command
Divides him to a different Place.

"Strait is the Way my Saints have trod,
"I blest the Path and drew it plain :

"But you would chuse the Crooked Road
"And it leads down to endless Pain.

XXXII. *Strength from Heaven*
Isa. 40. ver. 27, 28, 29, 30.

- 1 **W**Hence do our mournful Thoughts
(arise)
And where's our Courage fled?
Has pow'rful Sin and raging Hell
Strook all our Comforts dead?
- 2 Have we forgot th' Almighty Name
That form'd the Earth and Sea?
And can an all-creating Arm
Grow weary or decay?
- 3 Treasures of Everlasting Might
In our *Jehovah* dwell,
He gives the Conquest to the Weak,
And flings their Foes to Hell.
- 4 Meer Mortal Power shall fade and die,
And Youthful Vigour cease,
But we that wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our Strength encrease.
- 5 The Saints shall mount on Eagles Wings,
And tast the promis'd Bliss,
Till their unwear'd Feet arrive
where perfect Pleasure is.

XXXIII. *Humility*; Psal. 131.

1 **T**Here's no Ambition swells my Heart,
Search, Gracious God, and see,
Nor scornful Pride looks thro' mine Eyes,
I dare appeal to thee.

2 Lowly and Meek my Carriage is,
And all my Thoughts are mild,
Content (my Father) with thy Will,
And quiet as a Child.

3 The Patience of a humble Soul,
shall find a large Reward,
Then *Israel*, fix your steady Hope
Upon a Faithful Lord.

XXXIV. *Devotion in the Church*;
Psalm 134.

1 **Y**E that obey th' Immortal King
Attend his holy Place,
Bow to the Glorys of his Power,
And sing his wondrous Grace.

2 Lift to the Heav'ns your spotless Hands,
And raise your Souls on high,
Let warm Devotion wing your Thoughts
Above the Starry Sky.

3 There may our happy Minds converse
With our Eternal God,
And tast the Joys our Saviour bought
With his dear dying Blood.

- 4 There shall the Lord revive our Hearts
With Rays of quickning Grace,
The Lord that stretcht the Heavens abroad
And rules the swelling Seas.

XXXV. *The Churches Increase and
Prosperity; Psalm 67.*

- 1 SHINE Mighty God, on *Britain* shine
With beams of healing Grace,
Our waiting Eyes would fain behold
Thy reconciled Face.
- 2 High in the midst of all the Isle
Do thou the Glory stand,
And like a Wall of blazing Fire
Surround the naked Land.
- 3 Then shall thy Name from Shore to Shore
Fly all the Earth abroad,
And the Wild Nations shall adore
The Ever-loving God.
- 4 Sing to the Lord ye spacious Lands
With loud Eternal Noise,
Let every Tongue exalt his Praise
And every Heart rejoyce.
- 5 'Tis He, 'tis Everlasting He
That sits enthron'd above,
His Wisdom rules inferiour things
By Justice and by Love.
- 6 Earth, thou shalt hear thy Maker's Will
And yield a full Encrease,

Our God will crown his chosen Hill
With Fruitfulness and Peace.

- 7 God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest Favours here,
While the Creations utmost Bound
Shall see, adore and fear.

XXXVI. *The Prosperity of Sinners*
Curled; Psalm 73. 22, 3, 6,
17, 18, 20.

- 1 Lord, what a thoughtless Wretch was I
To mourn and murmur and complain,
To see the Wicked plac'd on high,
And Pride surround 'em like a Chain.
- 2 But O their End! their dreadful End!
Thy Sanctuary taught me so:
On slippery Rocks I see them stand,
And fiery Billows rowl below.
- 3 Now let 'em boast how tall they rise,
Ple never envy them again,
There they may stand with haughty Eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless Pain,
- 4 Their fancy'd Joys, how fast they flee?
Just like a Dream when one awakes,
Their Songs of softest Harmony
Are but a Preface to their Plagues.
- 5 Now I esteem their Mirth and Wine,
Too dear to purchase with my Blood,
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My Life, my Portion, and my God.

XXXVII. *The*

XXXVII. *The Frailty and Shortness*
of Life ; Psalm 90. ver 5, 10, 12

- 1 **L**ord, what a feeble Piece
 Is this our Mortal Frame ?
 Our Life how poor a Trifle 'tis,
 That scarce deserves the Name !
- 2 Alas, the brittle Clay
 That built our Body first !
 And ev'ry Month and ev'ry Day
 'Tis crumbling back to Dust.
- 3 Our Moments fly apace,
 Nor will our Minutes stay,
 Just like a Flood our hasty Days
 Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our Days must fly
 We'll number them aright,
 We'll spend them all in Wisdoms Way,
 And let them take their Flight.
- 5 They'll waft us sooner o're
 This Lifes tempestuous Sea,
 Soon we shall reach the peaceful Shore
 Of blest Eternity.

XXXVIII. *The Beauty of Public*
Worship : or, Delight in Ordinances ;
Psalm 84. 1, 10, &c.

- 1 **Y**E Saints, how lovely is the Place
 Where our dear Lord resorts ?

- rtm
2, 12
3
4
5
6
7
- 'Tis Heaven to see his smiling Face
 Tho' in his Earthly Courts.
- There the great Monarch of the Skys
 His Royal Love displays,
 And Light Divine salutes our Eyes
 With kind and gentle Rays.
- With healing Wings the Heavenly Dove
 Hangs hov'ring o're the Place,
 Whilst Christ unlocks his Stores of Love,
 And sheds abroad his Grace.
- There, Mighty God, thy Words declare
 The Secrets of thy Will,
 There do we pray, and praise thee there,
 Be thou amongst us still.
- One Look of Mercy from thine Eyes,
 Or Whisper of thy Voice,
 Exceeds a whole Eternity
 Employ'd in carnal Joys.
- Lord, I would keep thy Temple Gate
 While *Jesus* is within,
 Rather than fill the dazzling Seat
 Of Majesty and Sin.
- Could I command the spacious Land,
 And the more boundless Sea,
 For one dear Hour at thy Right Hand,
 I'de give them both away.

XXXIX. *God's tender Care of Church; Isa. 49. v. 13, 14,*

- 1 **N**OW shall my inward Joys arise
And burst into a Song,
Almighty Love inspires my Heart,
And Pleasure tunes my Tongue.
- 2 God on his thirsty *Sion-hill*
Some Mercy-drops has thrown,
And solemn Oaths have bound his Love
To shower Salvation down.
- 3 Why do we then indulge our Fears,
Suspensions and Complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his Grace
Grow weary of his Saints?
- 4 Can a kind Woman e're forget
The Infant of her Womb,
And 'mongst a thousand tender Thought
Her Suckling have no Room?
- 5 "Yet, saith the Lord, shou'd Nature change
"And Mothers Monsters prove,
"*Sion* still dwells upon the Heart
"Of Everlasting Love.
- 6 "Deep on the Palms of both my Hands
"I have Engrav'd her Name,
"My Hands shall raise her ruin'd Walls
"And build her broken Frame.

of XL The Business and Blessedness
 14 of Glorify'd Saints; Rev. 7. 13,
 14, 15. &c.

What happy Men, or Angels these,
 That all their Robes are spotless
 (White?

Whence did this Glorious Troop arrive
 At the pure Realms of blissful Light?

From tort'ring Racks, and burning Fires,
 And Seas of their own Blood they came,
 But nobler Blood has washt their Robes,
 Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.

Now they approach the dazzling Throne,
 With loud *Hosanna's* Night and Day,
 Sweet Anthems to the Great *Three-One*,
 Measure their blest Eternity.

No more shall Hunger pinch their Souls,
 He bids their parching Thirst be gone,
 And spreads the shadow of his Wings,
 To skreen 'em from the scorching Sun.

The Lamb that fills the middle Throne
 Shall shed around his milder Beams,
 There shall they feast on his rich Love,
 And drink full Joys from living Streams.

Thus shall their mighty Bliss renew
 Thro' the vast round of endless Years,
 And the soft hand of Sovereign Grace
 Heals all their Wounds, and wipes their

(Tears.

XLI. The

**XLI. The Same : Or, the Martyrs
Glorify'd ; Rev. 7. 13, &c.**

- 1 **T**Hese Glorious Minds, how bright
 Whence all their white Array ?
 How came they to the happy Seats
 Of Everlasting Day ?
- 2 From tort'ring Pains to endless Joys
 On fiery Wheels they rode,
 And strangely wash't their Rayment with
 In Jesus dying Blood.
- 3 Now they approach a spotless God,
 And bow before his Throne,
 Their warbling Harps and sacred Songs
 Adore the Holy One.
- 4 The unvail'd Glories of his Face,
 Amongst his Saints reside,
 While the rich Treasure of his Grace
 Sees all their Wants supply'd.
- 5 Tormenting Thirst shall leave their Souls
 And Hunger flee as fast,
 The Fruit of Life's Immortal Tree
 Shall be their sweet Repast.
- 6 The Lamb shall lead his Heavenly Flock
 Where living Fountains rise,
 And Love Divine shall wipe away,
 The Sorrows of their Eyes.

CLII. *Divine Wrath and Mercy;*
from Nahum 1. 1, 2, 3, &c.

A Dore and tremble at the Name
Of our * *Consuming Fire*, * *Heb. 12. 29.*
His jealous Eyes his Wrath enflame,
And raise his Vengeance higher.

Almighty Vengeance how it burns!
How bright his Fury glows!
Vast Magazines of Plagues and Storms
Lie treasur'd for his Foes.

Those heaps of Wrath by slow degrees
Are forc'd into a Flame,
But kindled, oh! how fierce they blaze!
And rend all Natures Frame.

At his Approach the Mountains flee,
And seek a watry Grave;
The frighted Sea makes hast away,
And shrinks up every Wave.

Through the wide Air the weighty Rocks
Are swift as Hail-stones hurl'd,
Who dares engage his fiery Rage
That shakes the Solid World?

Yet Mighty God, thy Sovereign Grace
Sits Regent on the Throne,
The Refuge of thy cholen Race
When Wrath comes rushing down.

Thy Hand shall on Rebellious Kings
A fiery Tempest pour,

While

While we beneath thy shelt'ring Wings
Thy Just Revenge adore.

XLIII. *Praise to the Lord from Nations ; Psalm 100.*

- 1 Sing to the Lord with joyful Voice,
Let every Land his Name adore,
The *British-Isles* shall send the Noise
A cross the Ocean to the Shore.
- 2 With Gladness bow before his Throne
And let his Presence raise your Joys,
Know that the Lord is God alone,
And form'd our Souls, and fram'd our Vows.
- 3 Infinite Power without our Aid,
Figur'd our Clay to humane Mould,
And when our wandering Feet had strayed
He brought us to his Sacred Fold.
- 4 Enter his Gates with thankful Songs,
Thro' his wide Courts your Voices raise
Almighty God, our Joyful Tongues
Shall fill thine House with sounding Praise.
- 5 Wide as the World is thy Command,
Vast as Eternity thy Love,
Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand,
When rolling Years shall cease to move.

XLIV. Brotherly Love ; Pſal. 133.

LO, what an entertaining Sight
Are Brethren that agree,
Brethren whose cheerful Hearts unite
In Bands of Piety.

When ſtreams of Love from Chriſt the
Descend to every Soul, (Spring
And Heav'nly Peace with balmy Wing
Shades and bedews the whole :

'Tis like the Oil deſcending ſweet,
On *Aaron's* Reverend Head,
And gently flowing to his Feet
Thro' all his Garments ſpread.

'Tis pleaſant as the Morning Dews
That fall on *Sion's* Hill,
Where God his mildeſt Glory ſhews,
And makes his Grace diſtil.

XLV. The Laſt Judgment ; Rev.

21. 5, 6, 7 8---

SEE where the Great Incarnate God
Fills a Majeſtick Throne,
While from the Skies his awful Voice
Bears the Laſt Judgment down.

I am the Firſt, and I the Laſt,
Through endleſs Years the ſame :

I AM is my Memorial ſtill,
And my Eternal Name.

3 Such

- 3 Such Favours as a God can give
My Royal Grace bestows,
Ye thirsty Souls, come tast the Streams
Where Life and Pleasure flows.
- 4 The Saint that triumphs o're his Sins,
I'll own him for a Son,
The whole Creation shall reward
The Conquests he has won.
- 5 But bloody Hands, and Hearts unclean,
And all the lying Race,
The Faithless, and the Scoffing Crew,
That spurn at offer'd Grace;
- 6 They shall be taken from my Sight,
Bound fast in Iron Chains,
And headlong plung'd into the Lake
Where Fire and Darkness reigns.

XLVI. *Universal Praise to God.*
Psalm 148.

- 1 **L**oud *Hallelujahs* to the Lord
From the wide Round where Creatures dwell
Let Heaven begin the Solemn Word,
And sound it dreadful down to Hell.
- 2 The Lord! how absolute He reigns!
Let every Angel bend the Knee;
Sing of his Love in Heavenly Strains,
And speak how fierce his Terrours be.
- 3 High on a Throne his Glories dwell,
An awful Throne of shining Bliss:

I. *Spiritual Songs.*

45

Fly thro' the World, O Sun, and tell
How dazzling bright thy Maker is.

Arise ye Tempests, and his Fame
Round the blew Skies Circumference bear;
And the sweet Whisper of his Name
Fill every gentler Breeze of Air.

Let Clouds, and Winds, and Waves agree,
To mix their Praises with the Fire,
And the firm Earth and rolling Sea
In this Eternal Song conspire.

Ye Flowry Plains proclaim his Skill ;
Valleys, lye low before his Eye ;
And let his Praise from ev'ry Hill
Rise tuneful to the Neighbouring Sky.

Ye stubborn Oaks, and stately Pines,
Bend your tall Branches and adore :
Praise him ye Beasts in different strains,
Both you that Bleat, and you that Roar.

Birds, ye must make his Praise your
(Theme,
For he expects a Tune from you ?
While the dumb Fish that cut the Stream,
Leap up and mean his Praises too.

Mortals can you refrain your Tongue,
When Nature all around you sings ?
O for a Shout from Old and Young,
From humble Swains and lofty Kings !

Wide as his vast Dominion lies,
Make the Creator's Name be known,
Loud as his Thunder shout his Praise,
And sound it lofty as his Throne.

11 *Jehovah!*

- 11 *Jehovah!* 'tis a glorious Word,
O may it dwell on every Tongue!
But Saints who best have known the
Are bound to raise the noblest Song.
- 12 Speak of the Wonders of that Love
Which *Gabriel* plays on every Chord
From all Below and all Above,
Loud *Hallelujahs* to the Lord.

XLVII. *Doubts and Fears suppress'd,
God is our Defence; Psalm*

- 1 **L**ook gracious God, how numerous
Whose envious Power and Rage,
Conspiring my Eternal Death,
Against my Soul engage.
- 2 The lying Tempter would persuade,
There's no Relief in Heaven,
And all my swelling Sins appear
Too big to be forgiven.
- But God, my Glory and my Strength,
Shall tread the Tempter down,
And drown my Sins beneath the Blood
Of his dear dying Son.
- 4 I cry'd, and from his sacred Hill
He bow'd a listning Ear,
I call'd my Father and my God,
And he dispers'd my Fear.
- 5 He threw soft Slumbers on mine Eyes
In sight of all my Foes;

Woke, and wondred at the Grace
That guarded my Repose.

What tho' the Hosts of Death and Hell
All arm'd against me stood,
Terrors no more shall shake my Soul,
Nor Tremblings chill my Blood.

Lord, I adore thy wondrous Love,
And thy Salvation sing :
My God hath broke the Serpents Teeth,
And Death has lost his Sting.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,
'Tis he alone can save :
Blessings attend thy People here,
And reach beyond the Grave.

XLVIII. *The Christian Race ; Isa.*
40. 28, 29, 30, 31.

A Wake our Souls, away our Fears,
Let every trembling Thought be gone,
Awake and run the heavenly Race,
And put a chearful Courage on.

True, 'tis a straight and thorny Road,
And mortal Spirits tire and faint,
But they forget the Mighty God
That feeds the Strength of every Saint.

Thee, mighty God, whose matchless Pow'r
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless Years
Their Everlasting Circles run.

- 4 From thee the over flowing Spring,
Our Souls shall drink a fresh Supply,
While such as trust their native Stream
Shall melt away, and drop, and dye.
- 5 Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air
We'll mount aloft to thine Abode,
On Wings of Love our Souls shall fly
Nor tire amidst the heavenly Road.

XLIX. *The Song of Moses and
Lamb ; Revel. 15. 3.*

- 1 **H**OW strong thine Arm is, Mighty
Who would not fear thy Name
Jesus, how sweet thy Graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb ?
- 2 He has done more than *Moses* did,
Our Profit and our King,
From Bonds of Hell he free'd our Souls
And taught our Lips to sing.
- 3 In the *Red Sea* by *Moses* hand
The *Egyptian* Host was drown'd ;
But his own Blood hides all our Sins,
And Guilt no more is found.
- 4 When thro' the Desert *Israel* went,
With *Manna* they were fed ;
Our Lord invites us to his Flesh,
And calls it living Bread.
- 5 *Moses* beheld the promis'd Land,
Yet never reach'd the Place ;

But *Christ* shall bring his Followers home
To see his Father's Face.

Then shall our Love and Joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame,
And sweeter Voices tune the Song
Of *Moses* and the Lamb.

*The Song of Zecharias, and the
Message of John the Baptist; Aor,
Light and Salvation by Jesus Christ;
Luke 1. 68, &c. John 1. 29, 32.*

NOW be the God of *Israel* blest,
Who makes his Truth appear,
His mighty Hand fullfils his Word
And all the Oaths he sware.

Now he bedews old *David's* Root
With Blessings from the Skies;
He makes the Branch of Promise grow,
The promis'd Horn arise.

John was the Prophet of the Lord
To go before his Face,
The Herald which our Saviour-God
Sent to prepare his Ways.

He makes the great Salvation known,
He speaks of pardon'd Sins;
While Grace Divine, and heavenly Love
In its own Glory shines.

"Behold the Lamb of God, he crys,
"That takes our Guilt away:

"I saw the Spirit o're his Head
 "On his Baptizing-Day.

6 "Be every Vale exalted high,
 "Sink every Mountain low,
 "The proud must stoop, and humble Souls
 "Shall his Salvation know.

7 "The *Heathen* Realms with *Israel's* Land
 "Shall joyn in sweet Accord:
 "And all that's born of Man shall see
 "The Glory of the Lord.

8 "Behold the Morning-Star arise
 "Ye that in Darkness sit;
 "He marks the Path that leads to Peace,
 "And guides our doubtful Feet.

LI. *Persevering Grace*; Jude 24, 25

1 **T**O God the only Wise,
 Our Saviour, and our King
 Let all the Saints below the Skies
 Their humble Praises bring.

2 'Tis his Almighty Love,
 His Counsel, and his Care,
 Preserves us safe from Sin and Death,
 And every hurtful Snare.

3 He will present our Souls
 Unblemish'd and compleat,
 Before the Glory of his Face,
 With Joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen Seed
 Shall meet around the Throne,

Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace,
And make his Wonders known.

To our Redeemer-God
Wisdom and Pow'r belongs,
Immortal Crowns of Majesty,
And everlasting Songs.

LII. *Baptism*; Mat. 28. 19. Acts
2. 38.

1 **T** Was the Commission of our Lord,
"Go teach the Nations, and Baptize,
The Nations have receiv'd the Word
Since he ascended to the Skies.

2 He sits upon th' eternal Hills
With Grace and Pardon in his Hands,
And sends his Covenant with the Seals,
To bless the distant *British* Lands.

3 "Repent and be Baptiz'd, he saith,
"For the Remission of your Sins;
And thus our Sense assists our Faith,
And shows us what his Gospel means.

4 Our Souls he washes in his Blood,
As Water makes the Body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying Rain.

5 Here we engage our selves to Thee,
And seal our Covenant with the Lord:
O may the great Eternal Three
Confirm it at the Heav'nly Board!

LIII. *The Holy Scripture ; Heb.*

1. 2 Tim. 3. 15, 16. Psal. 14
19, 20.

- 1 **G**OD who in various Methods told
His Mind and Will to Saints of Old
Sent his own Son with Truth and Grace,
To teach us in these latter Days.
- 2 Our Nation reads the written Word,
That Book of Life, that sure Record :
The bright Inheritance of Heav'n,
Is by the sweet Conveyance giv'n.
- 3 God's kindest Thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us Wise and Blest ;
The Doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for Reproof, and Comfort too.
- 4 Ye *British* Isles who read his Love,
In long Epistles from above ;
(He hath not sent his Sacred Word
To every Land) Praise ye the Lord.

LIV. *Electing Grace : or, Saints be-
loved in Christ ; Eph. 1. 3, &c.*

- 1 **J**esus, we bless thy Father's Name,
Thy God and ours are both the same ;
What Heav'nly Blessings from his Throne
Flow down to Sinners thro' his Son ?

2 " *Chri*

I. *Spiritual Songs.*

53

“*Christ be my first Elect*, he said,
Then chose our Souls in *Christ* our Head,
Before he gave the Mountains Birth,
Or laid Foundations for the Earth.

Thus did eternal Love begin
To raise us up from Death and Sin ;
Our Characters were then decreed,
Blameless in Love, A holy Seed.

Predestinated to be Sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once ;
A new regenerated Race,
To praise the Glory of his Grace.

With *Christ* our Lord we share our part
In the Affections of his Heart,
Nor shall our Souls be thence remov'd
Till he forgets his First-belov'd.

LV. *Hezekiah's Song : or, Sicknefs
and Recovery ; Isa. 38. 9, &c.*

1 **W**hen we are rais'd from deep Distress,
Our God deserves a Song ;
We take the pattern of our Praise
From *Hezekiah's* Tongue.

2 The Gates of the devouring Grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the Keys of Death
Commands them fast again.

3 Pains of the Flesh are apt t' abuse
Our Minds with slavish Fears ;

- “ Our Days are past, and we shall loose
 “ The remnant of our Years.
- 4 We chatter with a Swallows Voice,
 Or like a Dove we mourn,
 With Bitterness instead of Joys,
 Afflicted and forlorn.
- 5 *Jehovah* speaks the healing Word,
 And no Disease withstands,
 Fevers and Plagues obey the Lord,
 And fly at his Commands.
- 6 If half the strings of Life should break
 He can our Frame restore :
 He casts our Sins behind his Back,
 And they are found no more.

LVI. *The Song of Moses and the
 Lamb: or, Babylon falling; Re-
 15. 3. & 16. 19. & 17. 6.*

- 1 **WE** sing the Glories of thy Love,
 We found thy dreadful Name;
 The Christian Church unites the Songs
 Of *Moses* and the *Lamb*.
- 2 Great God, how wond'rous are thy Works
 Of Vengeance and of Grace?
 Thou King of Saints, Almighty Lord,
 How just and true thy Ways?
- 3 Who dares refuse to fear thy Name?
 Or worship at thy Throne?

Thy Judgments speak thine Holiness
Thro' all the Nations known.

Great *Babylon* that rules the Earth,
Drunk with the *Martyrs* Blood,
Her Crimes shall speedily awake
The Fury of our God.

The Cup of Wrath is ready mixt,
And She must drink the Dregs;
Strong is the Lord, her Sovereign Judge,
And shall fullfil the Plagues.

LVII. *Original Sin: or, the first and
second Adam; Rom. 5. 12, &c.
Psal. 51. 5. Job 14. 4.*

BACKWARD with humble Shame we look
On our Original,
How is our Nature dash'd and broke
In our first Father's Fall!

To all that's Good averse and blind,
But prone to all that's Ill;
What dreadful Darkness veils our Mind!
How obstinate our Will!

Conceiv'd in Sin, (O wretched state!)
Before we draw our Breath,
The first young Pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and Death.

How strong in our degenerate Blood
The old Corruption reigns,
And mingling with the crooked Flood,
Wanders thro' all our Veins!

- 5 Wild and unwholsom as the Root
 Will all the Branches be ;
 How can we hope for living Fruit
 From such a deadly Tree !
- 6 What mortal Pow'r from things unclean
 Can pure Productions bring ?
 Who can command a vital stream
 From an infected Spring ?
- 7 Yet mighty God, thy wondrous Love
 Can make our Nature clean,
 While *Christ* and Grace prevail above
 The Tempter, Death and Sin.
- 8 The Second *Adam* shall restore
 The Ruins of the First,
Hosanna to that Sov'reign Pow'r,
 That New-creates our Dust.

LVIII. *The Devil Vanquish'd:*
Michael's War with the Dragon
 Rev. 12. 7.

- 1 LET mortal Tongues attempt to sing
 The Wars of Heav'n, when *Michael*
 Chief General of th' Eternal King,
 And fought the Battels of our God.
- 2 Against the Dragon and his Host
 The Armies of the Lord prevail :
 In vain they rage, in vain they boast,
 Their Courage sinks, their Weapons fail

Down to the Earth was *Satan* thrown,
Down to the Earth his Legions fell;
Then was the Trump of Triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful Deeps of Hell.

Now is the Hour of Darkness past,
Christ has assum'd his reigning Pow'r;
Behold the great Accuser cast
Down from the Skies, to rise no more.

'Twas by thy Blood, Immortal Lamb,
Thine Armys trod the Tempter down;
'Twas by thy Word and pow'rful Name
They gain'd the Battel and Renown.

Rejoyce ye Heav'ns, let every Star
Shine with new Glories round the Skie;
Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly War,
Raife your Deliverer's Name on high.

LIX. *Babylon fallen*; Rev. 18.

20, 21.

IN *Gabriel's* Hand a Mighty Stone

Lyes, a fair Type of *Babylon*:

"Prophets rejoyce and all ye Saints,

"God shall avenge your long Complaints.

He said, and dreadful as He stood,

He sunk the Millstone in the Flood:

"Thus terribly shall *Babel* fall,

"Thus, and no more be found at all.

LX. *The Virgin Mary's Song* : or,
promised Messiah Born ; Luke
46, &c.

- 1 OUR Souls shall magnifie the Lord,
In God the Saviour we rejoyce;
While we repeat the Virgin's Song,
May the same Spirit tune our Voice.
- 2 The Highest saw her low Estate,
And mighty Things his Hand hath done
His over-shadowing Power and Grace
Makes her the Mother of his Son.
- 3 Let every Nation call her Blest,
And endless Years prolong her Fame;
But God alone must be ador'd,
Holy and Reverend is his Name.
- 4 To those that fear and trust the Lord,
His Mercy stands for ever sure :
From Age to Age his Promise lives,
And the Performance is secure.
- 5 He spake to *Abra'm* and his Seed,
" *In thee shall all the Earth be blest* :
The Memory of that antient Word
Lay long in his Eternal Breast.
- 6 But now no more shall *Israel* wait,
No more the *Gentiles* lye forlorn :
Lo, the desire of Nations comes ;
Behold the promis'd Seed is born.

LXI. *Christ our High-Priest and King: or, Christ coming to Judgment; Rev. 1. 5, 6, 7.*

NOW to the Lord that makes us know
The Wonders of his dying Love,
He humble Honours paid below,
And strains of nobler Praise above.

'Twas he that cleans'd our blackest Sins,
And wash'd us in his richest Blood;
'Tis he that makes us Priests and Kings,
And bring us Rebels near to God.

To Jesus our Atoning Priest,
To Jesus our Superiour King,
Be everlasting Power confest,
And every Tongue his Glory sing.

Behold! on flying Clouds he comes,
And every Eye shall see him move;
Tho' with our Sins we pierc'd him once,
Then he displays his pardoning Love.

The Unbelieving World shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the Day:
Come Lord; nor let thy Promise fail,
Nor let thy Chariots long delay.

LXII. *Christ*

LXII. Christ Jesus the Lamb of God
Worshiped by all the Creation; Rev.
 5. 11, 12, 13.

- 1 **C**OME let us joyn our chearful Songs
 With Angels round the Throne,
 Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues,
 But all their Joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry
 "To be exalted thus;
 "Worthy the Lamb, our Lips reply,
 For He was slain for us.
- 3 *Jesus* is worthy to receive
 Honour and Power divine;
 And Blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the Skie,
 And Air, and Earth, and Seas,
 Conspire to lift thy Glorys high,
 And speak thine endless Praise.
- 5 The whole Creation joyn in one,
 To bless the Sacred Name
 Of him that sits upon the Throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

LXIII. Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation; Rev. 5. 12.

- 1 **W**HAT equal Honours shall we bring
 To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb
 Who

When all the Notes that Angels sing
Are far Inferiour to thy Name?

Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
At his Almighty Father's side.

Pow'r and Dominion are his Due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's Bar:
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with Madness here.

All Riches are his Native Right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing Loss:
To him ascribe eternal Might,
That feebly hung upon the Cross.

Honour Immortal must be paid,
Instead of Scandal and of Scorn
While Glory shines around his Head,
And a bright Crown without a Thorn.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the Curse for wretched Men:
Let Angels sound his Sacred Name,
And every Creature say, *Amen.*

*LXIV. . Adoption; I John 3. 1,
&c. Gal. 4. 6.*

BEhold what wond'rous Grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On Sinners of a Mortal Race,
To call them Sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprizing thing
That we should be unknown ;
The Jewish World knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head,

4 A Hope so much-divine
May Trials well indure,
May purge our Souls from Sense and Sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's Love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a Dove
To rest upon my Heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like Slaves beneath the Throne ;
My Faith shall, Abba Father, cry ;
And thou the Kindred own.

LXV. The Kingdoms of the World
become the Kingdoms of our Lord
for, & the Day of Judgment ; Re
II. 15.

1 LET the Seventh Angel sound on High
Let Shouts be heard thro' all the Skies
Kings of the Earth with glad Accord
Give up your Kingdoms to the Lord.

Almighty God, thy Pow'r assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come:
Jesus the Lamb who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign.

The angry Nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the Saints no more;
On wings of Vengeance flies our God
To pay the long Arrears of Blood.

Now must the rising Dead appear,
Now the decisive Sentence hear;
Now the dear Martyrs of the Lord,
Receive an Infinite Reward.

LXVI. Christ the King at his Table;

Sol. Song 1. 2, 3, 4, 5, 12, 13,
17.

LET him embrace my Soul, and prove
Mine Interest in his heavenly Love:
The Voice that tells me, *Thou art mine*,
Exceeds the Blessings of the Vine.

On Thee th' anointing Spirit came,
And spreads the savour of thy Name;
That Oyl of Gladness and of Grace
Draws Virgin-Souls to meet thy Face.

Jesus, allure me by thy Charms,
My Soul shall fly into thine Arms:
Our wandring Feet thy Favours bring
To the fair Chambers of the King.

- 4 Wonder and Pleasure tunes our Voice,
To speak thy Praises, and our Joys:
Our Memory keeps this Love of thine
Beyond the taste of richest Wine.
- 5 Tho' in our selves deform'd we are,
And black as *Kedar-Tents* appear,
Yet when we put thy Beauties on,
Fair as the Courts of *Solomon*.
- 6 While at his Table sits the King,
He loves to see us smile and sing:
Our Graces are our best Perfume,
And breath like *Spikenard* round.
(*Ro*)
- 7 As *Myrrh* new bleeding from the Tree
Such is a dying *Christ* to me;
And while he makes my Soul his Guest,
My Bosom, Lord, shall be thy Rest.
- 8 No Beams of Cedar or of Fir
Can with thy Courts on Earth compare;
And here we wait until thy Love
Raise us to nobler Seats above.

LXVII. *Seeking the Pastures*
Christ the Shepherd; *Solomon*
Song 1. 7.

- 1 THOU whom my Soul admires above
All Earthly Joy and Earthly Love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where doth thy sweetest Pasture grow?

Where is the shadow of that Rock,
That from the Sun defends thy Flock?
How would I feed among thy Sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

Why should thy Bride appear like one
That turns aside to Paths unknown?
My constant Feet would never rove,
Would never seek another Love.

The Footsteps of thy Flock I see;
Thy sweetest Pastures here they be;
A wondrous Feast thy Love prepares,
Bought with thy Wounds, and Groans,
(and Tears.

His dearest Flesh he makes my Food,
And bids me drink his richest Blood:
Here to these Hills my Soul will come,
Till my Beloved lead me Home.

LXVIII. *The Banquet of Love*; Sol.
Song 2. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7.

BEhold the Rose of *Sharon* here,
The Lilly which the Vallies bear;
Behold the Tree of Life, that gives
Refreshing Fruit, and healing Leaves.

Amongst the Thorns so Lillies shine;
Amongst wild Gourds the noble Vine;
So in mine Eyes my Saviour proves
Amidst a thousand meaner Loves.

Beneath his cooling Shade I sat,
To shield me from the burning Heat;

Of

- Of Heav'nly Fruit he spreads a Feast
To feed my Eyes and please my Taste
- 4 Kindly he brought me to the Place
Where stands the Banquet of his Grace
He saw me faint, and o're my Head
The Banner of his Love he spread.
- 5 With living Bread and generous Wine
He cheers this sinking Heart of mine;
And opening his own Heart to me,
He shows his Thoughts, how kind they be
- 6 O never let my Lord depart,
Lye down and rest upon my Heart;
I charge my Sins not once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my Love

LXIX. *Christ appearing to his Church
and seeking her Company; Sol. S.*

2. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

- 1 **T**HE Voice of my Beloved sounds
Over the Rocks and rising Ground
O're Hills of Guilt and Seas of Grief
He leaps, he flies to my Relief.
- 2 Now thro' the Vail of Flesh I see,
With Eyes of Love he looks at me;
Now in the Gospels clearest Glass
He shows the Beautys of his Face.
- 3 Gently he draws my Heart along,
Both with his Beauties and his Tongue
"Rise, saith my Lord, make hast and go
"No mortal Joys are worth thy stay.

The Jewish wintry State is gone,
The Mists are fled, the Spring comes on,
The Sacred Turtle-Dove we hear
Proclaim the New, the Joyful Year.

Th' Immortal Vine of Heavenly Root,
Blossoms and buds, and gives her Fruit.
Lo, we are come to tast the Wine;
Our Souls rejoyce and bless the Vine.

And when we hear our Jesus say,
Rise up my Love, make hast away:
Our Hearts would fain outfly the Wind,
And leave all Earthly Loves behind.

**XX. Christ Inviting, and the Church
answering the Invitation; Sol. Song**
14, 16, 17.

H Ark, the Redeemer from the Sky
Sweetly invites his Favorites nigh;
From Caves of Darknes and of Doubt,
He gently speaks, and calls us out.

My Dove, who hidest in the Rock,
Thine Heart almost with Sorrow broke,
Lift up thy Face, forget thy Fear,
And let thy Voice delight mine Ear:

Thy Voice to me sounds ever sweet;
My Graces in thy Count'nance meet;
Tho' the vain World thy Face despise,
'Tis bright and comely in mine Eyes.

Dear Lord, our thankful Heart receives
The Hope thine Invitation gives:

To

To thee our joyful Lips shall raise
The Voice of Prayer, and of Praise.

- 5 I am my Love's, and he is mine:
Our Hearts, our Hopes, our Passions;
Nor let a Motion, nor a Word,
Nor Thought arise to grieve my Lord.
- 6 My Soul to Pastures fair he leads,
Amongst the Lillies where he feeds;
Amongst the Saints, whose Robes are
Washt in his Blood, is his delight.
- 7 Till the Day break, and Shadows flee,
Till the sweet dawning Light I see,
Thine Eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my Soul in Darkness mourn.
- 8 Be like a Hart on Mountains green,
Leap o're the Hills of Fear and Sin;
Nor Guilt, nor Unbelief divide
My Love, my Saviour from my side.

LXXI. *Christ found in the Street,
brought to the Church; Sol. Sol.*
3. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

- 1 **O**ften I seek my Lord by Night,
Jesus, my Love, my Soul's delight;
With warm Desire and restless Thought
I seek him oft, but find him not.
- 2 Then I arise and search the Street,
Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet;
I ask the Watchmen of the Night,
"Where did you see my Soul's delight?"

3 Sometimes

Sometimes I find him in my Way,
Directed by a Heavenly Ray;
Hap for Joy to see his Face,
And hold him fast in mine Embrace.

Bring him to my Mother's home,
Nor does my Lord refuse to come,
To Sions sacred Chambers, where
My Soul first drew the vital Air.

He gives me there his bleeding Heart,
Merc'd for my sake with deadly Smart:
Give my Soul to him, and there
Our Loves their mutual Tokens share.

Charge you all, ye Earthly Toys,
Approach not to disturb my Joys;
Nor Sin, nor Hell come near my Heart,
Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

*XII. The Coronation of Christ, and
Espousals of the Church; Sol. Song*

2.

Daughters of Sion, come, behold
The Crown of Honour and of Gold,
Which the glad Church with Joys unknown
Plac'd on the Head of Solomon.

Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the Tribute which we bring,
Accept the well-deserv'd Renown,
And wear our Praises as thy Crown.

Let every Act of Worship be
Like our Espousals, Lord, to Thee;

Like

Like the dear Hour when from above,
We first receiv'd thy Pledge of Love.

- 4 The gladness of that happy Day,
Our Hearts would wish it long to stay
Nor let our Faith forsake it's hold,
Nor Comfort sink, nor Love grow cold
- 5 Each following Minute as it flies,
Increase thy Praise, improve our Joys
Till we are rais'd to sing thy Name
At the great Supper of the Lamb.
- 6 O that the Months would roll away,
And bring that Coronation Day!
The King of Grace shall fill the Throne
With all his Father's Glories on.

**LXXIII. The Churches Beauty in
Eyes of Christ; Sol. Song**
10, 11, 7, 9, 8.

- 1 **K**ind is the Speech of Christ our Lord
Affection sounds in every Word,
"Lo, thou art fair, my Love, he crys
"Not the young Doves have sweeter Eyes
- 2 "Sweet are thy Lips, thy pleasing Voice
"Salutes mine Ear with secret Joys,
"No Spice so much delights the Smell,
"Nor Milk nor Honey tast so well.
- 3 "Thou art all fair, my Bride to me,
"I will behold no spot in thee.
What mighty Wonders Love perform
And puts a Comeliness on Worms!

ill'd and loathsome as we are,
makes us white, and calls us fair:
orns us with that Heavenly Dress,
Graces, and his Righteousness.

My Sister and my Spouse, he cries,
bound to my Heart by various Tyes,
by powerful Love my Heart detains
strong Delight and pleasing Chains.

calls me from the Leopards Den,
from this wild World of Beasts and Men,
Sion where his Glories are:
Lebanon is half so fair.

nor Dens of Prey, nor flow'ry Plains,
nor Earthly Joys, nor Earthly Pains,
shall hold my Feet, or force my stay,
When Christ invites my Soul away.

XIV. *The Church the Garden of
Christ; Sol. Song 4. 12, 14, 15.
and 5. 1.*

WE are a Garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar Ground;
little Spot inclos'd by Grace
of the World's wide Wilderness.

The Trees of Myrrh and Spice we stand
Planted by God the Father's Hand;
And all his Springs in Sion flow,
To make the young Plantation grow.

Awake, O heavenly Wind, and come,
Blow on this Garden of Perfume;

Spirit

Spirit Divine, descend and breath
A gracious Gale on Plants beneath.

4 Make our best Spices flow abroad
To entertain our Saviour-God:
And Faith, and Love, and Joy appear
And every Grace be active here.

5 Let my Beloved come, and tast
His pleasant Fruits at his own Feast.
"I come, my Spouse, I come, he crys,
With Love and Pleasure in his Eyes.

6 Our Lord into his Garden comes,
Well pleas'd to smell our poor Perfum
And calls us to a Feast divine,
Sweeter than Hony, Milk, or Wine.

7 *"Eat of the Tree of Life, my Friends,*
"The Blessings that my Father sends,
"Your Tast shall all my Dainties prove,
"And drink abundance of my Love,

8 Jesus, we will frequent thy Board,
And sing the Bounties of our Lord:
But the rich Food on which we live
Demands more Praise than Tongues

LXXV. *The Description of Christ*
Beloved; Sol. Song 5. 9, 10,
12, 14, 15, 16.

1 THE wondring World enquires to know
Why I should love my Jesus so:

*What are his Charms, say they, above
The Objects of a Mortal Love.*

Yes, my Beloved to my sight
Shews a sweet mixture, Red and White?
All Human Beauties, all Divine,
In my Beloved meet and shine.

White is his Soul, from Blemish free;
Red with the Blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand Fairs:
A Sun amongst ten thousand Stars.

His Head the finest Gold excels,
There Wisdom in Perfection dwells;
And Glory like a Crown adorns
Those Temples once beset with Thorns.

Compassions in his Heart are found,
Mark'd by the Signals of his Wound;
His sacred Side no more shall bear
The cruel Scourge, the piercing Spear.

His Hands are fairer to behold
Than Diamonds set in Rings of Gold;
Those Heavenly Hands that on the Tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.

Tho' once he bow'd his feeble Knees,
Loaded with Sins and Agonies,
Now on the Throne of his command
His Leggs like Marble Pillars stand.

His Eyes are Majesty and Love,
The Eagle mingled with the Dove:
No more shall trickling Sorrows roll
Thro' those dear Windows of his Soul.

9 His Mouth that pour'd out long Complaint
Now smiles, and cheers his fainting Saints
His Countenance more Graceful is,
Than *Lebanon* with all its Trees.

10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd.
His Worth if all the Nations knew,
Sure the whole Earth would love him too.

LXXVI. *Christ dwells in Heaven,*
visits on Earth; Sol. Song 6.
2, 3, 12.

1 **W**hen Strangers stand and hear me
What Beauties in my Saviour dwell
Where is he gone, they fain would know
That they may seek and love him too.

2 My best-Beloved keeps his Throne
On Hills of Light, in Worlds unknown
But he descends and shows his Face
In the young Gardens of his Grace.

3 In Vineyards planted by his Hand,
Where fruitful Trees in order stand;
He feeds among the spicy Beds,
Where Lillies show their spotless Heads.

4 He has ingross'd my warmest Love,
No Earthly Charms my Soul can move
I have a Mansion in his Heart,
Nor Death nor Hell shall make us part.

He takes my Soul e're I'm aware,
And shows me where his Glories are ;
No Chariot of *Aminadib*
The heavenly Rapture can describe.

O may my Spirit daily rise
On wings of Faith above the Skies,
Till Death shall make my last Remove,
To dwell for ever with my Love.

XXVII *The Love of Christ to the Church, in his Language to her, and Provisions for her ; Sol. Song 7. 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.*

NOW in the Galleries of his Grace
Appears the King, and thus he says,
How fair my Saints are in my sight !
My Love how pleasant for delight !

Kind is thy Language, Sovereign Lord,
There's heavenly Grace in every Word :
From that dear Mouth a Stream divine,
Flows sweeter than the choicest Wine.

Such wond'rous Love awakes the Lip
Of Saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the Praises of thy Name,
And makes our cold Affections flame.

These are the Joys he lets us know
In Fields and Villages below,
Gives us a relish of his Love,
But keeps his noblest Feast above.

- 5 In Paradise within the Gates
 An higher Entertainment waits ;
 Fruits new and old laid up in store,
 Where we shall feed, and thirst no more.

LXXVIII. *The Strength of Christ's*
Love, and the Souls Jealousy
her own ; Sol. Song 8. 5, 6,
13, 14.

- 1 **W**HO is this fair One in distress,
 That travels from the Wilderness
 And press'd with Sorrows and with Sins
 On her beloved Lord she leans.
- 2 This is the Spouse of Christ the God,
 Bought with the Treasure of his Blood
 And her Request and her Complaint
 Is but the Voice of every Saint.
- 3 " O let my Name ingraven stand
 " Both on thy Heart and on thy Hand
 " Seal me upon thine Arm ; and wear
 " That pledge of Love for ever there.
- 4 " Stronger than Death thy Love is known
 " Which floods of Wrath could never drown
 " And Hell and Earth in vain combine
 " To quench a Fire so much divine.
- 5 " But I am jealous of my Heart,
 " Lest it should once from thee depart ;
 " Then let thy Name be well impress'd
 " As a fair Signet on my Breast.

Spiritual Songs.

77

"Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
"Where Fears & Doubts can never come,
"Thy Count'nance let me often see,
"And often thou shalt hear from me.
"Come my Beloved, hast away,
"Cut short the hours of thy Delay,
"Fly like a youthful Hart or Roe
"Over the Hills where Spices grow.

The End of the First Book.

E 3

HYMNS

H Y M N S

A N D

Spiritual Songs.

B O O K II.

Composed on Divine Subjects, Conformable to the Word of God.

I. *A Song of Praise, to the God of Great-Britain.*

Nature with all her Powers
 God the Creator and the King
 Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Sea
 (nor Sky)
 Deny the Tribute of their Praise.

E 4

2 Beg

B. I. II. *Spiritual Songs.*

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Begin to make his Glories known,
Ye Seraphs that sit near his Throne;
Tune your Harps high, and spread the
To the Creations utmost bound. (sound

All mortal Things of meaner Frame,
Exert your Force and own his Name;
Whilst with our Souls and with our Voice
We sing his Honours and our Joys.

To him be sacred all we have
From the young Cradle to the Grave;
Our Lips shall his loud Wonders tell,
And every Word a Miracle.

This *Northern-Isle*, our Native Land,
Lies safe in God th' Almighty's Hand:
Our Foes of Vict'ry dream in vain,
And wear the captivating Chain.

He builds and guards the *British* Throne,
And makes it gracious like his own,
Makes our successive Princes kind,
And gives our Dangers to the Wind.

Raise Monumental Praises high
To him that thunders thro' the Skie,
And with an awful Nod or Frown
Shakes an aspiring Tyrant down.

Pillars of lasting Brass proclaim
The Triumphs of th' Eternal Name;
While trembling Nations read from far
The Honours of the God of War.

Thus let our flaming Zeal imploy
Our loftiest Thoughts and loudest Songs:

Britain, pronounce with warmest Joy
Hosanna from ten thousand Tongues.

- 10 Yet, mighty God, our feeble Frame
 Attempts in vain to reach thy Name;
 The strongest Notes that Angels raise
 Faint in the Worship and the Praise.

II. *The Death of a Sinner.*

- 1 **M**Y Thoughts on awful Subjects roll
 Damnation and the Dead;
 What Horrors seize the guilty Soul
 Upon a dying Bed.
- 2 Lingring about these mortal Shores
 She makes a long delay,
 Till like a Flood with rapid Force
 Death sweeps the Wretch away.
- 3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
 Down to the fiery Coast,
 Amongst abominable Fiends,
 Her self a frightful Ghost.
- 4 There endless Crouds of Sinners lye,
 And Darkness makes their Chains;
 Torment'd with keen Despair they cry,
 Yet wait for fiercer Pains.
- 5 Not all their Anguish and their Blood
 For their old Guilt atones,
 Nor the Compassions of a God
 Shall hearken to their Groans.

Amazing Grace, that kept my Breath,
Nor bid my Soul remove,
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's Death,
And well insur'd his Love!

II. *The Death and Burial of a Saint.*

WHY do we mourn departing Friends?
Or shake at Death's Alarms?
Tis but the Voice that *Jesus* sends
To call them to his Arms.

Are we not tending upward too
As fast as Time can move?
Nor would we wish the Hours more slow
To keep us from our Love.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their Bodies to the Tomb?
There the dear Flesh of *Jesus* lay,
And left a long Perfume.

The Graves of all his Saints he blest,
And softned every Bed;
Where should the dying Members rest,
But with the dying Head?

Thence he arose and clim'd the Sky,
And shew'd our Feet the way,
Up to the Lord our Flesh shall fly
At the great Rising Day.

Then let the last loud Trumpet sound,
And bid our Kindred rise,
Awake ye Nations under Ground,
Ye Saints, ascend the Skies.

IV. *Salvation in the Cross.*

- 1 **H**ere at thy Cross, my dying God,
I lay my Soul beneath thy Love,
Beneath the Dropings of thy Blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e're remove.
- 2 Not all that Tyrants think or say
With Rage and Lightning in their Eyes,
Nor Hell shall fright my Heart away,
Should Hell with all its Legions rise.
- 3 Should Worlds conspire to drive me thence
Moveless and firm this Heart should lie;
Resolv'd (for that's my last Defence)
If I must perish, there to dye.
- 4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my Fear
Am I not safe beneath thy Shade?
Thy Vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor *Satan* dares my Soul invade.
- 5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy Blood,
And all my Foes shall loose their aim.
Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best Honours to his Name.

V. *Longing to Praise Christ better*

- 1 **L**ord, when my Thoughts with wond
O're the sharp Sorrows of thy Soul,
And see my Maker's broken Laws
Repair'd and honour'd by thy Cross.

When I behold Death, Hell and Sin,
 Vanquish'd by that dear Blood of thine,
 And view the Man that groan'd and dy'd
 Sit Glorious by his Father's side :

My Passions rise and soar above,
 I'm wing'd with Faith, and fir'd with Love :
 Fain would I sing Eternal things,
 And play thy Name on Angels Strings,

But my Heart fails, my Tongue complains
 For want of their immortal Strains ;
 And in such humble Notes as these
 Must fall below thy Victories.

Well, the kind Minute must appear
 When we shall leave these Bodies here,
 These clogs of Clay, and mount on high
 To joyn the Worship of the Sky.

VI. *A Morning Song.*

ONce more, my Soul, the rising Day
 Salutes thy waking Eyes,
 Once more, my Voice, thy Tribute pay
 To him that rolls the Skys.

Night unto Night his Name repeats,
 The Day renews the Sound,
 Wide as the Heaven on which He sits
 To turn the Seasons round.

'Tis He supports my mortal Frame,
 My Tongue shall speak his praise ;

My

My Sins would rouse his Wrath to Flame
And yet his Wrath delays.

- 4 On a poor Worm thy Power might tread
And I could ne're withstand :
Thy Justice might have crush'd me dead
But Mercy held thine Hand.

- 5 A thousand wretched Souls are fled
Since the last setting Sun,
And yet Thou length'nest out my Thread
And yet my Moments run.

- 6 Dear God, let all mine Hours be thine
Whilst I enjoy the Light,
Then shall my Sun in Smiles decline,
And bring a pleasing Night.

VII. *An Evening Song.*

- 1 **D**Read Sov'reign, let my Evening Song
Like holy Incense rise,
Assist the Offerings of my Tongue
To reach the lofty Skys.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the Day,
Thy Hand was still my Guard,
And still to drive my Wants away
Thy Mercy stood prepar'd.
- 3 Perpetual Blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But oh how few Returns of Love
Hath my Creator found !
- 4 What have I done for him that dy'd
To save my wretched Soul ?

to Flow are my Follies multiply'd,
Fast as my Minutes roll!

Lord, with this guilty Heart of mine
To thy dear Cross I flee,
And to thy Grace my Soul resign
To be renew'd by thee.

Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning Blood
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' Embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's Breast.

VIII. *A Hymn for Morning or Evening.*

*H*osanna, with a cheerful Sound,
To God's upholding Hand,
Ten thousand Snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

That was a vast amazing Power
That rais'd us with a Word,
And every Day and every Hour
We lean upon the Lord.

The Evening rests our weary Head,
And Angels guard the Room,
We wake and we admire the Bed
That was not made our Tomb.

The rising Morning can't assure
That we shall end the Day,
For Death stands ready at the Door
To seize our Lives away,

- 5 Our Breath is forfeited by Sin
To God's revenging Law;
We own thy Grace, Immortal King,
In every Gasp we draw.
- 6 God is our Sun, whose daily Light
Our Joy and Safety brings:
Our feeble Flesh lies safe at Night
Beneath his shady Wings.

*IX. Godly Sorrow arising from
Sufferings of Christ.*

- 1 **A** Las! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign dye?
Would he devote that Sacred Head
For such a Worm as I?
- 2 Thy Body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in it's own Blood,
While the firm mark of Wrath Divine
His Soul in Anguish stood?
- 3 Was it for Crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the Tree?
Amazing Pity! Grace unknown!
And Love beyond degree!
- 4 Well might the Sun in Darkness hide,
And shut his Glories in,
When God the mighty Maker dy'd
For Man the Creature's Sin.
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing Face
While his dear Cross appears,

Dissolve my Heart in Thankfulness,
And melt my Eyes to Tears.

But drops of Grief can ne're repay
The debt of Love I owe,
Here, Lord, I give my self away,
'Tis all that I can do.

X. Parting with Carnal Joys.

MY Soul forsakes her vain Delight,
And bids the World farewell,
Base as the Dirt beneath my Feet,
And mischeivous as Hell.

No longer will I ask your Love,
Nor seek your Friendship more,
The Happiness that I approve,
Lies not within your Power.

There's nothing round this spacious Earth
That suits my large Desire,
To boundless Joy and solid Mirth
My nobler Thoughts aspire.

Where Pleasure rolls its living Flood,
From Sin and Dross refin'd,
Still springing from the Throne of God,
And fit to cheer the Mind.

Th' Almighty Ruler of the Sphere,
The glorious, and the great,
Brings his own All-sufficiency there,
To make our Bliss compleat.

Had I the Pinions of a Dove
I'd climb the Heav'nly Road ;

Three

There sits my Saviour drest in Love,
And there my smiling God.

XI. A Farewel to sinful Pleasures

- 1 **I** Send the Joys of Earth away,
Away, ye Tempters of the Mind,
False as the treacherous rolling Sea,
And empty as the whistling Wind.
- 2 Your Streams were floating me along
Down to the Gulph of black Despair,
And whilst I listen'd to your Song,
Your Streams had e'en convey'd me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless Grace,
That warn'd me of that dark Abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous Seas
And bid me seek superiour Bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining Realms above
I stretch my Hands, and glance mine Eyes
O for the Pinions of a Dove,
To bear me to the upper Skies!
- 5 There from the Bosom of my God
Oceans of endless Pleasure roll,
There would I fix my last Abode,
And drown the sorrows of my Soul.

XII. Christ is the Substance of Levitical Priesthood.

- 1 **T**HE True *Messiah* now appears,
The Types are all withdrawn,

fly the Shadows and the Stars
Before the rising Dawn.

No smocking Sweets, nor bleeding Lambs,
Nor Kid, nor Bullock slain,
Incense and Spice of costly names
Would all be burnt in vain.

Aaron must lay his Robes away,
His Mitre and his Vest,
When God himself comes down to be
The Offring and the Priest.

He took our mortal Flesh to show
The wonders of his Love,
For us He paid his Life below,
And prays for us above.

"Father, He crys, forgive their Sins,
"For I my Self have dy'd ;
And then he shows his open'd Veins,
And pleads his wounded Side.

*III. The Creation, Preservation,
Dissolution, and Restoration of this
World.*

Sing to the Lord that built the Skys,
The Lord that rear'd this stately Frame,
Let half the Nations sound his Praise,
And Lands unknown repeat his Name.

He form'd the Seas and form'd the Hills,
Made every Drop and every Dust,
Nature and Time, with all their Wheels,
And push'd them into Motion first.

3 Now

- 3 Now from his high Imperial Throne
He looks far down upon the Spheres,
He bids the shining Orbs roll on,
And round he turns our hasty Years.
- 4 Thus shall this moving Engine last
Till all his Saints are gather'd in,
Then for the Trumpets dreadful Blast
To shake it all to Dust again.
- 5 Yet when the Sound shall tear the Skys
And Lightning burn the Globe below
Saints, you may lift your Joyful Eyes
There's a New Heaven and Earth for

**XIV. The Lord's Day; or, Devotion
in Ordinances.**

- 1 **W**elcome sweet Day of Rest
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving Brest,
And these rejoycing Eyes!
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his Saints to Day,
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love and praise and pray.
- 3 One Day amidst the Place,
Where my dear God hath been
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable Sin.
- 4 My willing Soul would stay
In such a Frame as this,
And sit and sing her self away
To Everlasting Bliss.

*V. The Enjoyment of Christ : or,
Delight in Worship.*

FAR from my Thoughts, vain World,
(be gone,

Let my Religious Hours alone,
Nay would my Eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a Visit, Lord, from thee.

My Heart grows warm with Holy Fire,
And kindles with a pure desire,
Come my dear *Jesus* from above,
And feed my Soul with Heavenly Love.

The Trees of Life Immortal stand
In flourishing Rows at thy Right-hand,
And in sweet Murmurs by their side
Rivers of Bliss perpetual glide.

Hast then, but with a smiling Face,
And spread the Table of thy Grace :
Bring down a tast of Fruit Divine,
And cheer my Heart with Sacred Wine.

Blest *Jesus*, what delicious Fare !
How sweet thy Entertainments are !
Never did Angels tast above
Redeeming Grace and dying Love.

Hail great *Immanuel*, All-Divine,
In thee thy Father's Glorys shine :
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That Eyes have seen, or Angels known.

XVI. *Part the Second.*

- 7 **L**ord, what a Heaven of Saving Grace
Shines thro' the Beauties of thy Face
And lights our Passions to a Flame !
Lord how we love thy charming Name
- 8 When I can say my God is mine,
When I can feel thy Glories shine,
I tread the World beneath my Feet,
And all that Earth calis Good or Great.
- 9 While such a Scene of Sacred Joys
Our Raptur'd Eyes and Souls imploy,
Here we could sit, and gaze away
Along, an everlasting Day.
- 10 Well, we shall quickly pass the Night
To the fair Coasts of perfect Light;
Then shall our joyful Senses rove
O're the dear Object of our Love.
- 11 There shall we drink full draughts of Grace
And pluck new Life from Heav'nly Trees
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of Heaven on Worms below.
- 12 Send Comforts down from thy Right-hand
While we pass thro' this barren Land,
And in thy Temple let us see
A glimpse of Love, a glimpse of Thee.

XVII. *God's Eternity.*

Rise, rise my Soul, and leave the Ground,
Stretch all thy Thoughts abroad,
And rouse up every tuneful Sound
To praise th' Eternal God.

Long e're the lofty Skys were spread
Jehovah fill'd his Throne,
Or Adam form'd, or Angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.

His boundless Years can ne're decrease,
But still maintain their prime,
Eternity's his Dwelling-place,
And Ever is his Time.

While like a Tide our Minutes flow,
The present, and the past,
He fills his own Immortal NOW,
And sees our Ages wast.

The Sea and Sky must perish too,
And vast Destruction come,
The Creatures, look, how old they grow
And wait their fiery Doom.

Well, let the Sea shrink all away
And Flame melt down the Skys,
My God shall live in endless Day
When th' old Creation dies.

XVIII. *The*

XVIII. *The Ministry of Angels*
 Heb. i. ult.

- 1 **H**igh on a hill of dazzling Light
 The King of Glory spreads his Seat
 And troops of Angels stretch'd for flight
 Stand waiting round his awful Feet.
- 2 * Go, faith the Lord, my *Gabriel*, go
 Salute the Virgins fruitful Womb;
 † Make hast, ye Cherubs down below
 Sing and proclaim the Saviour come.
- 3 || Here a bright Squadron leaves the Shore
 And thick around *Elisha* stands,
 Anon a heavenly Souldier flies
 |||| And breaks the Chains from *Peter's* hands.
- 4 Thy winged Troops, O God of Hosts,
 Wait on thy wand'ring Church below,
 Here we are sayling to thy Coasts,
 Let Angels be our Convoy too.
- 5 Are they not all thy Servants, Lord?
 At thy command they go and come,
 With cheerful Hast obey thy Word
 And guard thy Children to their home.

* Luke 1. 26. † Luke 2. 13. || 2 Kings
 17. |||| Acts 12. 7.

Our Frail Bodys, and God our Preserver.

LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor Death, nor Danger fear,
we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

Fresh as the Grass our Bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay,
A blasting Wind sweeps o're the Land,
And fades the Grass away.

Our Life contains a thousand Springs,
And dies if one be gone ;
Strange ! that a Harp of thousand strings
Should keep in Tune so long.

But 'tis our God supports our Frame,
The God that built us first,
Salvation to th' Almighty Name
That rear'd us from the Dust.

He spoke, and strait our Hearts and Brains
In all their Motions rose,
Let Blood, said he, flow round the Veins,
And round the Veins it flows.

While we have Breath or use our Tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore,
His Spirit moves our heaving Lungs
Or they would breath no more.

XX. Back-

XX. *Backslidings and Returns:
the Inconstancy of our Love.*

- 1 **W**HY is my Heart so far from thee
My God, my chief Delight?
Why are my Thoughts no more by Day
With thee, no more by Night?
- 2 Why should my foolish Passions rove?
Where can such Sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy Love,
As I have found in thee?
- 3 When my forgetful Soul renews
The Savour of thy Grace,
I fancy I can never lose
The Relish all my Days.
- 4 But e're one fleeting Hour is past,
The flattering World employs
Some sensual Bait to seize my Taste,
And to pollute my Joys.
- 5 Trifles of Nature or of Art
With fair deceitful Charms
Intrude upon my thoughtless Heart,
And thrust thee from my Arms.
- 6 Then I repent and vex my Soul
That I should leave thee so,
Where will those wild Affections roll
That let a Saviour go?
- 7 Sins promis'd Joys are turn'd to Pain,
And I am drown'd in Grief;

But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my Relief.

Seizing my Soul with sweet Surprise,
He draws with loving Bands ;
Divine Compassion in his Eyes,
And Pardon in his Hands.

Wretch that I am to wander thus
In chase of false Delight !
Let me be fasten'd to thy Cross
Rather than loose thy fight.

Make hast my Days, to reach the Goal,
And bring my Heart to rest
On the dear Centre of my Soul,
God my Redeemer's Breast.

XXI. *A Song of Praise to God the Redeemer.*

LET the old Heathens tune their Song
Of great *Diana* and of *Jove*,
But the sweet Theme that moves my
Is the blest *Jesus* and his Love. (Tongue

Will sing the God that left the Skies
To save my Soul from gaping Hell ;
How the black Gulph where *Satan* lies,
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell !

How Justice frown'd, and Vengeance stood
To drive me down to endless Pain !
But the Great Son propos'd his Blood,
And Heav'nly Wrath grew mild again. *the*

- 4 Infinite Lover, Gracious Lord,
To thee Immortal Shouts shall rise,
Thy wondrous Name shall be ador'd
Round the wide Earth and wider Skies.

XXII. *With God is Terrible Majesty*

- 1 **T**Errible God, that reign'st on high,
How awful is thy Thundring Ha
Thy fiery Bolts how fierce they fly!
Nor can all Earth or Hell withstand.
- 2 This the old rebel-Angels knew,
And *Satan* fell beneath thy Frown:
Thine Arrows strook the Traytor thro'
And weighty Vengeance sunk him down
- 3 This *Sodom* felt, and feels it still,
And roars beneath th' Eternal Load,
"With endless Burnings who can dwell
"Or bear the Fury of a God?"
- 4 Tremble, ye Sinners, and submit,
Throw down your Arms before his Thro
Bend your Heads low beneath his Feet,
Or his strong Hand shall crush you down
- 5 And ye, blest Saints, that love him too,
With Reverence bow before his Name,
Thus all his Heavenly Servants do:
God is a bright and burning Flame.

XIII. *The Sight of God and Christ
in Heaven.*

DEscend from Heaven, Immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy Wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these Inferior things.

Beyond, beyond this lower Sky,
Up where Eternal Ages roll,
Where solid Pleasures never die,
And Fruits Immortal feast the Soul.

Oh for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our Almighty Father's Throne!
There sits our Saviour crown'd with Light,
Cloath'd in a Body like our own.

Adoring Saints around him stand,
And Thrones and Powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious thro' the Man,
And sheds sweet Glories on them all.

O what amazing Joys they feel
While to their golden Harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly Hill,
And play the Triumphs of their King.

When shall the Day, dear Lord, appear
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst 'em there,
And view thy Face, and sing, and love?

XXIV. *The Evil of Sin visible in
Fall of Angels and Men.*

- 1 **W**hen the great Builder stretch'd
And form'd all Nature with a Word,
The joyful Cherubs tun'd his Praise,
And every bending Throne ador'd.
- 2 High in the midst of all the Throng
Satan a tall Arch-angel sat,
* Amongst the Morning-Stars he sung
Till Sin destroy'd his Heav'nly State.
- 3 'Twas Sin that hurl'd him from his Throne
Groveling in Fire the Rebel lies :
† "How art thou sunk in Darkness down
"Son of the Morning from the Skys!
- 4 And thus our two first Parents stood
Till Sin defil'd the happy Place,
They lost their Garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn Race.
- 5 So sprung the Plague from *Adam's* Bow
And spread Destruction all abroad ;
Sin, the curst Name, that in one Hour
Spoil'd six Days Labours of a God.
- 6 Tremble my Soul, and mourn for Grief
That such a Foe should seize thy Breast ;
Fly to thy Lord for quick Relief ;
O may he slay this treacherous Guest.

* Job 38. 7. † Isa. 14. 12.

II. *Spiritual Songs.*

101

Then to thy Throne, victorious King,
Then to thy Throne our Shouts shall rise,
Thine everlasting Arm we sing,
For Sin the Monster bleeds and dies.

XV. *Complaining of spiritual Sloth.*

MY drowzie Powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake my sluggish Soul!
Nothing has half thy Work to do,
Yet Nothing's half so dull.

The little Ants for one poor Grain
Labour, and tugg, and strive,
Yet we who have a Heaven t' obtain
How negligent we live!

We for whose Sake all Nature stands,
And Stars their Courses move;
We for whose Guard the Angel-bands
Come flying from above;

We for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our Good,
How careless to secure that Crown
He purchas'd with his Blood?

Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still?
And never act our Parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly Hill,
And sit and warm our Hearts.

Then shall our active Spirits move,
And travel to the Skies,
With Hands of Faith and Wings of Love
We'll fly and take the Prize.

XXVI. *God Invisible.*

- 1 **L**ord, we are blind, we Mortals blind
We can't behold thy bright Abode;
O 'tis beyond a Creature-Mind,
To glance a Thought half way to God.
- 2 Infinite Leagues beyond the Sky
Th' Eternal Emperour reigns alone,
Where neither Wings nor Souls can fly,
Nor Angels climb the topsless Throne.
- 3 The Lord of Glory builds his Seat
Of Gemms insufferably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred Feet
Substantial Beams of gloomy Night.
- 4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious Eyes
Look thro', and chear us from above;
Beyond our Praise thy Grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

XXVII. *Praise ye him all his Angels*
Psal. 148. 2.

- 1 **G**OD! the Eternal awful Name
That the whole Heavenly Army fear
That shakes the wide Creation's Frame,
And *Satan* trembles when he hears.
- 2 Like Flames of Fire his Servants are,
And Light surrounds his Dwelling-place
But, O ye fiery Flames, declare
The brighter Glories of his Face.

Tis not for such poor Worms as we
To speak so infinite a Thing,
But your immortal Eyes survey
The Beauties of your Sov'reign King.

Tell how he shows his smiling Face,
And clothes all Heaven in bright Array;
Triumph and Joy run thro' the Place,
And Songs Eternal as the Day.

Speak, (for you feel his burning Love,)
What Zeal it spreads thro' all your Frame,
That sacred Fire dwells all above,
For we on Earth have lost the Name.

Sing of his Power and Justice too,
That infinite right Hand of his
That vanquish'd *Satan* and his Crew,
And Thunder drove them down from Bliss.

What mighty Storms of poison'd Darts
He hurl'd upon the Rebels there!
His deadly Javelins nail'd their Hearts
Fast to the Racks of long Despair.

Shout to your King, you heavenly Host,
You that beheld the sinking Foe,
Firmly ye stood when they were lost;
Praise the rich Grace that kept ye so.

Proclaim his Wonders from the Skies,
Let every distant Nation hear;
And while you sound his lofty Praise,
Let humble Mortals bow and fear.

XXVIII. *Death and Eternity.*

- 1 **S**Toop down, my Thoughts, that use
Converse a while with Death:
Think how a gasping Mortal lies,
And pants away his Breath.
- 2 His quiv'ring Lip hangs feebly down,
His Pulses faint and few,
Then speechless with a doleful Groan
He bids the World Adieu.
- 3 But, O the Soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the Clay!
Ye Thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous Way.
- 4 Up to the Courts where Angels dwell
It mounts triumphing there,
Or Devils plunge it down to Hell
In infinite Despair.
- 5 And must my Body faint and die?
And must this Soul remove?
O for some courteous Angel by
To bear it safe above!
- 6 *Jesus*, to thy dear faithful Hand
My naked Soul I trust,
And my Flesh-waits for thy Command
To drop into my Dust.

XXIX. *Redemption by Price and Power.*

Jesus, with all thy Saints above
My Tongue would bear her Part,
Would sound aloud thy saving Love,
And sing thy bleeding Heart.

Blest be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his Blood,
And quencht his Father's flaming Sword
In his own vital Flood.

The Lamb that freed my Captive Soul
From Satan's heavy Chains,
And sent the Lion down to howl
Where Hell and Horror reigns.

All Glory to the dying Lamb,
And never ceasing Praise,
While Angels live to know his Name,
Or Saints to feel his Grace.

XXX. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our Joys be known;
Join in a Song with sweet Accord,
And thus surround the Throne.

The Sorrows of the Mind
Be banisht from the Place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our Pleasures less.

- 3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But Favorites of the heavenly King
May speak their Joys abroad.
- 4 The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy Skie,
And manages the Seas.
- 5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love,
He shall send down his heav'nly Pow'rs
To carry us above.
- 6 There we shall see his Face,
And never, never sin :
There from the Rivers of his Grace
Drink endless Pleasures in.
- 7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal State,
The Thoughts of such amazing Bliss
Should constant Joys create.
- 8 The Men of Grace have found
Young Glory here below,
Young Glory here on earthly Ground
From Faith and Hope may grow.
- 9 The Hill of *Zion* yields
A thousand sacred Sweets
Before we reach the heavenly Fields,
Or walk the golden Streets.
- 10 Then let our Songs abound,
And every Tear be dry ;

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We're marching thro' Immanuel's Ground
To a more joyful Sky.

XXI. *Christ's Presence makes Death
easy.*

WHY should we start and fear to die ?
What timorous Worms we Mortals
Death is the Gate of endless Joy, (are!
And yet we dread to enter there.

The Pains, the Groans, and dying Strife
Fright our approaching Souls away ;
Still we shrink back again to Life,
Fond of our Prison and our Clay.

O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My Soul should stretch her Wings in haste,
Fly fearless thro' Death's Iron Gate,
Nor feel the Terrors as she past.

Jesus can make a dying Bed
Feel soft as downy Pillows are,
While on his Breast I lean my Head,
And breath my Life out sweetly there.

XXXII. *Frailty and Folly.*

HOW short and hasty is our Life !
How vast our Souls Affairs !
Yet senseless Mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their Years.

Our Days run thoughtlessly along
Without a Moments stay,

Just

Just like a Story or a Song
We pass our Lives away.

- 3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hast'ning to the Tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest Hell
That slight the Joys above!
What Chains of Vengeance should we feel
That break such Cords of Love!
- 5 Draw us, O God, with Sovereign Grace
And lift our Thoughts on high,
That when we end this mortal Race,
We may ascend the Skie.

XXXIII. *The blessed Society in Heaven*

- 1 **R**aise thee, my Soul, fly up and run
Thro' every heavenly Street,
And say, There's nought below the Sun
That's worthy of thy Feet.
- 2 Thus will we mount on sacred Wings,
And tread the Courts above;
Nor Earth, nor all her mightiest Things
Shall tempt our meanest Love.
- 3 There on a tall Majestick Throne
Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious Goodness down
On all the blissful Plains.
- 4 Bright like a Sun the Saviour sits,
And spreads Eternal Noon,

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No Evenings there, nor gloomy Nights
To want the feeble Moon.

And see, amidst those happy Skies
There mounts the sacred Dove,
While banish'd Sin and Sorrow flies
From all the Realms of Love.

The Glorious Tenants of the Place
Stand bending round the Throne ;
And Saints and Seraphs sing and praise
The Infinite Three-One.

But O what Beams of heavenly Grace
Transport them all the while,
Ten thousand Smiles from *Jesus* Face,
And Love in every Smile.

Jesus, and when shall that dear Day,
That joyful Hour appear,
When I shall leave this House of Clay
To dwell amongst 'em there ?

XXXIV. *Breathing after the Holy
Spirit : or, Fervency of Devotion
desir'd.*

Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickning Powers,
Kindle a Flame of sacred Love
In these cold Hearts of ours.

Look, how we grovel here below,
And hug these trifling Toys ;
Our Souls can neither fly nor go
To reach Eternal Joys.

- 3 In vain we tune our formal Songs,
In vain we strive to rise,
Hosannas languish on our Tongues,
And our Devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever lye
At this poor dying rate?
Our Love so faint, so cold to thee?
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickning Powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's Love,
And that shall kindle ours.

XXXV. *Praise to God for Creation
and Redemption.*

- 1 LET them neglect thy Glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy Grace,
But our loud Song shall still record
The wonders of thy Praise.
- 2 We lift our Shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy Throne,
All Glory to th' UNITED Three,
The Undivided One.
- 3 'Twas He (and we'll adore his Name)
That form'd us by a word,
'Tis He restores our ruin'd Frame;
Salvation to the Lord!
- 4 *Hosanna!* let the Earth and Skies
Repeat the joyful Sound,

Rocks, Hills and Vales reflect the Voice
In one Eternal Round.

XXXVI. *Christ's Intercession.*

- 1 **W**ELL, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
2 To sprinkle o're the flaming Throne
With his atoning Blood.
- 3 No fiery Vengeance now,
Nor burning Wrath comes down;
4 Justice call for Sinners Blood,
He points and shows his own.
- 5 Before his Father's Eye
Our humble Suit he moves,
6 The Father lays his Thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.
- 7 Now may our joyful Tongues
Our Maker's Honour sing,
8 Thus the Priest receives our Songs,
And bears 'em to the King.
- 9 We bow before his Face,
And sound his Glories high,
10 Hosanna to the God of Grace
" That lays his Thunder by.
- 11 " On Earth thy Mercy reigns,
" And triumphs all above;
12 But, Lord, how weak are Mortal Strains
To speak Immortal Love?
- 13 How jarring and how low
Are all the Notes we sing?

Sweet

Sweet Saviour, tune our Songs anew,
And they shall please the King.

XXXVII. *The Same.*

- 1 **L**ift up your Eyes to th' heavenly Seats
Where your Redeemer stays;
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.
- 2 'Twas well, my Soul, he dy'd for thee,
And shed his vital Blood,
Appeas'd stern Justice on the Tree,
And then arose to God.
- 3 Petitions now and Praise may rise,
And Saints their Offerings bring,
The Priest stands ready on the Skies
To lift 'em to the King.
- 4 Let Papists trust what Names they please
Their Saints and Angels boast,
We've no such Advocates as these,
Nor pray to th' Heavenly Host.
- 5 Jesus alone shall bear my Crys
Up to his Father's Throne,
He (dearest Lord) perfumes my Sighs,
And sweetens every Groan.
- 6 Ten thousand Praises to the King,
Hosanna in the high 'st;
Ten thousand Thanks our Spirits bring
To God and to his Christ.

XXXVIII. *Love to God.*

HAppy the Heart where Graces reign;
Where Love inspires the Breast:
Love is the brightest of the Train,
And strengthens all the rest.

Knowledge, alas, 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our Fear,
Our stubborn Sins will fight and reign
If Love be absent there.

'Tis Love that makes our nimble Feet
In swift Obedience move,
The Devils know and tremble too,
But *Satan* cannot love.

This is the Grace that lives and sings
When Faith and Hope shall cease,
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet Realms of Bliss.

Before we quite forsake our Clay,
Or leave this dark Abode,
The Wings of Love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

XXXIX. *The Shortness and Misery of Life.*

OUR Days, alas! our Mortal Days
Are short and wretched too;

Evil

* *Evil and Few* the Patriarch says,
And well the Patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at best a narrow Bound
That Heaven allows to Men,
And Pains and Sins run thro' the Round
Of threescore Years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Then roll, my Days, in haste.
Moments of Sin, and Months of Woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let Heavenly Love prepare my Soul,
And call her to the Skies,
Where Years of long Salvation roll,
And Glory never dies.

**XL. *Our Comfort in the Covenant
made with Christ.***

1 **O**UR God, how firm his Promise stands
Ev'n when he hides his Face;
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His Glory and his Grace.

2 Then why, my Soul, these sad Complaints
Since Christ and We are One?
Thy God is faithful to his Saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his Smiles my Heart has liv'd,
And part of Heav'n possess'd;

praise his Name for Grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

*I. A sight of God mortifies us to the
World.*

UP to the Fields where Angels lye,
And living Waters gently roll,
Sin would my Thoughts leap out and fly,
But Sin hangs heavy on my Soul.

Thy wondrous Blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this load of Guilt remove ;
And thou canst bear me where thou fly'st,
On thy kind Pinions, Heavenly Dove.

O might I once mount up and see
The Glories of th' Eternal Skies,
What little things these Worlds would be,
How despicable to my Eyes !

Had I a Glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and Men would vanish soon,
Vanish as tho' I saw 'em not,
As a dim Candle dies at Noon.

Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking Leaf
While rattling Thunders round us roar.

Great All in All, Eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely Face,
And all my Pow'rs shall bow and sing
Thine endless Grandeur, and thy Grace.

XLII. *Delight in God.*

- 1 **M**Y God, what endless Pleasures dost
Above at thy Right Hand!
The Courts below how amiable,
Where all thy Graces stand!
- 2 The Swallow near thine Altar lies,
And chirps a cheerful Note;
The Lark mounts upwards to thy Skies
And tunes her warbling Throat.
- 3 And we, when in thy Temple Lord,
We shout with Joyful Tongues,
Or sitting round our Father's Board,
We crown the Feast with Songs.
- 4 While *Jesus* shines with quickning Grace
We sing and mount on high;
But if a Frown becloud his Face,
We faint, and tire, and die.
- 5 Just as we see the lonesome Dove
Bemoan her Widow'd State,
She hops, and flies thro' all the Grove,
And mourns her loving Mate.
- 6 Just so our Thoughts from thing to thing
In restless Circles rove,
Just so we droop, and hang the VVings,
VVhen *Jesus* hides his Love.

II. *Christ's Sufferings and Glory.*

Now for a Tune of lofty Praise
To great *Jehovah's* equal Son !
Wake my Voice in heavenly Lays !
Tell the loud Wonders he hath done.

How he left the happy Skies
And the bright Robes he wore above,
Mark with what joyful haste he flies
In Wings of everlasting Love.

Down to this base, this sinful Earth
He came to lift us to the Skie,
He came to atone Almighty Wrath ;
Jesus the God was born to die.

Well and its Lions roar'd around,
His precious Blood the Monsters spilt,
While weighty Sorrows prest him down,
Large as the Loads of all our Guilt.

Deep in the Shades of gloomy Death
Th' Almighty Captive Prisoner lay,
Th' Almighty Captive left the Earth,
And rose to everlasting Day.

Lift up your Eyes, ye Sons of Light,
Up to his Throne of glittering Grace,
See what immortal Glories sit
Round the sweet Beauties of his Face.

Amongst a thousand Harps and Songs
Jesus the God exalted reigns,
His sacred Name fills all their Tongues,
And eccho's thro' the heavenly Plains.

XLIV. *Hell, or, The Vengeance*
God.

- 1 **W**ith holy Fear, and humble Song
The dreadful God our Souls adorn
Reverence and Awe becomes the Tong
That speaks the Terrors of his Power.
- 2 Far in the Deep where Darkness dwell
The Land of Horror and Despair,
Justice has built a dismal Hell,
And laid her Stores of Vengeance there
- 3 Eternal Plagues, and heavy Chains,
Tormenting Racks and fiery Coals,
And Darts t' inflict immortal Pains
Dy'd in the Blood of Damned Souls.
- 4 There *Satan* the first Sinner lies,
And roars and bites his Iron Bands;
In vain the Rebel strives to rise
Crusht with the weight of both thine Hands
- 5 There guilty Ghosts of *Adam's* Race
Shreek out and howl beneath thy Rod,
Once they could scorn a Saviour's Grace
But they incens'd a dreadful God.
- 6 Tremble, my Soul, and kiss the Son;
Sinners, obey the Saviour's Call,
Else your Damnation hastens on,
And Hell gapes wide to wait your Fall.

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LV. *God's Condescension to our
Worship.*

THY Favours, Lord, surprize our Souls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the Poles,
To draw thy Chariot downward thus?

Will might he fill his starry Throne,
And please his Ears with *Gabriel's* Songs,
That th' heavenly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our Tongues.

Great God, what poor Returns we pay
For Love so infinite as thine?
Words are but Air, and Tongues but Clay,
But thy Compassion's all Divine.

LVI. *God's Condescension to Hu-
mane Affairs.*

UP to the Lord that reigns on high
And views the Nations from afar,
Let everlasting Praises fly,
And tell how vast his Bounties are.

He that can shake the Worlds he made,
Or with a Word, or with a Nod,
His Goodness how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!

God that must stoop to view the Skies,
And bow to see what Angels do,

Down

- Down to our Earth he casts his Eyes
And bends his Footsteps downward
- 4 He over-rules all mortal Things,
And manages our mean Affairs;
On humble Souls the King of Kings
Bestows his Counsels and his Cares.
- 5 Our Sorrows and our Tears we pour
Into the Bosom of our God,
He hears us in the mournful Hour,
And helps us bear the heavy Load.
- 6 In vain might lofty Princes try
Such Condescension to perform;
For Worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest Fellow-worm.
- 7 O could our thankful Hearts devise
A Tribute equal to thy Grace,
To the third Heav'n our Songs should
And teach the golden Harps thy Praise.

XLVII. *Glory and Grace in the
son of Christ.*

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord a noble Song
Awake my Soul, awake my Tongue
Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,
And all his boundless Love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in *Jesus* Face,
The brightest Image of his Grace:
God in the Person of his Son
Has all his mightiest Works out-done.

the spacious Earth, and spreading Flood,
proclaim the wise the powerful God,
and thy rich Glories from afar
sparkle in every rolling Star.

but in his Looks a Glory stands,
the noblest Labour of thine Hands:
the pleasing Lustre of his Eyes
out-shines the Wonders of the Skies.

Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming Theme;
thy Thoughts rejoice at *Jesus* Name:
the Angels, dwell upon the Sound,
the Skies reflect it to the Ground.

O may I live to reach the Place
Where he unveils his lovely Face,
Where all his Beauties you behold,
and play his Name on Harps of Gold!

VIII. *Love to the Creatures is dangerous.*

How vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each Pleasure hath its Poison too,
And every Sweet a Snare.

The brightest Things below the Sky
Give but a flattering Light;
We should suspect some Danger nigh
Where we possess Delight.

Our dearest Joys, and nearest Friends,
The Partners of our Blood,

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How

How they divide our wavering Minds,
And leave but half for God.

- 4 The Fondness of a Creatures Love,
How strong it strikes the Sense!
Thither the warm Affections move,
Nor can we call 'em thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy Beauties be
My Souls Eternal Food;
And Grace command my Heart away
From all created Good.

XLIX. *Moses dying in the Embrace
of God.*

- 1 **D**Eath cannot make our Souls afraid
If God be with us there;
We may walk thro' her darkest Shade,
And never yield to Fear.
- 2 I could renounce my All below
If my Creator bid,
And run if I were call'd to go,
And die as *Moses* did.
- 3 Might I but climb to *Pisgah's* Top,
And view the promis'd Land,
My Flesh it self should long to drop,
And pray for the Command.
- 3 Claspt in my Heavenly Father's Arms
I would forget my Breath,
And lose my Life among the Charms
Of so Divine a Death.

*Comfort under Sorrows and
Pains.*

Now let the God my Saviour smile,
And show my Name upon his Heart,
Would forget my Pains a while,
And in the Pleasure lose the Smart.

Oh ! it swells my Sorrows high
To see my Jesus wear a Frown,
My Spirits sink, my Comforts die,
And all the Springs of Life are down.

Yet why, my Soul, why these Complaints ?
Still while he frowns his Bowels move ;
Still on his Heart he bears his Saints,
And feels their Sorrows and his Love.

My Name is printed on his Breast ;
His Book of Life contains my Name ;
I rather have it there imprest
Than in the brazen Rolls of Fame.

When the last Fire burns all things here
Those Letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair Book appear
Writ by th' Eternal Father's Hand.

Now shall my Minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's Will.
My Rising and my Setting Sun
Roll gently up and down the Hill.

LI. *God the Son equal with the
Father.*

- 1 **B**Right King of Glory, dreadful God!
Our Spirits bow before thy Seat,
To thee we lift an humble Thought,
And worship at thine awful Feet.
- 2 Thy Power hath form'd, thy Wisdom
(sw
All Nature with a Sovereign Word;
And the bright World of Stars obeys
The Will of their superior Lord.
- 3 Mercy and Truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy Right-hand;
Eternal Justice guards thy Throne,
And Vengeance waits thy dread Command.
- 4 A Thousand Seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who amongst the Sons of Light
Pretends Comparison with thee?
- 5 Yet there is one of humane Frame,
Jesus, array'd in Flesh and Blood,
Thinks it no Robbery to claim
A full Equality with God.
- 6 Their Glory shines with equal Beams;
Their Essence is for ever one,
Tho' they are known by different Names
The Father-God, and God the Son.
- 7 Then let the Name of Christ our King
With equal Honours be ador'd;

His Praise let every Angel sing,
And all the Nations own their Lord.

II. *Death dreadful or delightful.*

Death! 'tis a melancholy Day
To those that have no God,
When the poor Soul is forc'd away
To seek her last Abode ;

In vain to Heaven she lifts her Eyes,
But Guilt, a heavy Chain,
Still drags her downward from the Skies
To Darkness, Fire, and Pain.

Awake and mourn ye Heirs of Hell,
Let stubborn Sinners fear,
You must be driv'n from Earth, and dwell
A long *For ever* there.

See how the Pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your Face,
And thou, my Soul, look downwards too,
And sing recovering Grace.

He is a God of sovereign Love
That promis'd Heaven to me ;
And taught my Thoughts to soar above,
Where happy Spirits be.

Prepare me, Lord, for thy Right-hand,
Then come the joyful Day,
Come Death, and some Celestial Band
To bear my Soul away.

LIII. *The Pilgrimage of the Saint
or, Earth and Heaven.*

- 1 **L**ord! what a wretched Land is this
That yields us no Supply?
No cheering Fruits, no wholesome Tree
Nor Streams of living Joy.
- 2 But pricking Thorns thro' all the Ground
And Mortal Poisons grow,
And all the Rivers that are found
With dangerous Waters flow.
- 3 Yet the dear Path to thine Abode
Lies thro' this horrid Land,
Lord! we would keep the heavenly Road
And run at thy Command.
- 4 Our Souls shall tread the Defart thro'
With undiverted Feet;
And Faith and flaming Zeal subdue
The Terrors that we meet.
- 5 A Thousand savage Beasts of Prey
Around the Forest roam,
But *Judah's* Lion guards the Way,
And guides the Strangers home.
- 6 Long Nights and Darkness dwell below
With scarce a twinkling Ray;
But the bright World to which we go
Is everlasting Day.
- 7 By glimmering Hopes and gloomy Fears
We trace the sacred Road,

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Thro' dismal Deeps and dangerous Snares,
We make our Way to God.

Our Journey is a thorny Maze
But we march upward still ;
(Forget these Troubles of the Ways)
And reach at Zion's Hill.

See the kind Angels at the Gates
Inviting us to come ;
There *Jesus* the Forerunner waits
To welcome Travellers home.

There on the green and flowry Mount
Our weary Souls shall sit,
And with transporting Joys recount
The Labours of our Feet.

No vain Discourse shall fill our Tongue,
Nor Trifles vex our Ear,
Infinite Grace shall be our Song,
And God rejoice to hear.

Eternal Glories to the King
That brought us safely thro' ;
Our Tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless Praise renew.

LIV. *God's Presence is Light in
Darkness.*

MY God, the Spring of all my Joys,
The Life of my Delights,
The Glory of my brightest Days,
And Comfort of my Nights.

- 2 In darkest Shades if he appear,
My Dawning is begun :
He is my Soul's sweet Morning-Star,
And He my rising Sun.
- 3 The opening Heavens around me shine
With Beams of sacred Bliss,
While *Jefus* shows his Heart is mine,
And whispers, *I am his*.
- 4 My Soul would leave this heavy Clay
At that transporting Word,
Run up with Joy the shining Way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of Hell and ghastly Death
I'd break thro' every Foe ;
The Wings of Love, and Arms of Faith
Should bear me Conqueror thro'.

LV. *Frail Life, and succeeding Eternity.*

- 1 **T**Hee we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal Frame !
What dying Worms are we !
- 2 Our wasting Lives grow shorter still
As Months and Days increase ;
And every beating Pulse we tell
Leaves but the Number less.
- 3 The Year rolls round, and steals away
The Breath that first it gave ;

What e're we do, where e're we be,
We're travelling to the Grave.

Dangers stand thick thro' all the Ground
To push us to the Tomb,
And fierce Diseases wait around
To hurry Mortals home.

Good God! on what a slender Thread
Hang everlasting Things!
Th' Eternal States of all the Dead
Upon Life's feeble Strings.

Infinite Joy or endless Woe
Attends on every Breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the Brink of Death!

Waken, O Lord our drowsy Sense
To walk this dangerous Road;
And if our Souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

*VI. The Misery of being without God
in this World; or, Vain Prosperity.*

NO, I shall envy them no more
Who grow profanely great,
Tho' they increase their Golden Store,
And rise to won'drous Height.

They tast of all the Joys that grow
Upon this earthly Clod,
Well they may search the Creature thro',
For they have ne're a God.

- 3 Shake off the Thoughts of Dying too,
And think your Life your own ;
But Death comes hast'ning on to you
To mow your Glory down.
- 4 Yes, you must bow your stately Head,
Away your Spirit flies,
And no kind Angel near your Bed
To bear it to the Skies.
- 5 Go now, and boast of all your Stores,
And tell how bright you shine ;
Your heaps of glittering Dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

LVII. *The Pleasures of a Good Conscience.*

- 1 **L**ord, how secure and blest are they
Whose Spotless Conscience knows
Should storms of Wrath shake Earth & Sea
Their minds have Heaven and Peace within
- 2 The Day rolls sweetly o're their Heads,
Made up of Innocence and Love ;
And soft and silent as the Shades
Their Nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 Quick as their Thoughts their Joys come
But fly not half so fast away,
Their Souls are ever bright as Noon,
And calm as Summer-Evenings be.
- 4 How oft they look to th' heavenly Hills
Where Groves of Living Pleasure grow!

And longing Hopes and cheerful Smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their Brow.

They scorn to seek our Golden Toys,
But spend the Day and share the Night
In numbring o're the richer Joys
That Heaven prepares for their delight.

While wretched We like Worms & Moles
Lie groveling in the Dust below.
Almighty Grace, come, change our Souls,
And we'll aspire to Glory too.

VIII. *The Shortness of Life, and the
Goodness of God.*

Time! what an empty Vapour 'tis!
And Days how swift they are!
Swift as an *Indian* Arrow flies,
Or like a shooting Star.

The present Moments just appear,
And dance away in haſt,
That we can never ſay, *They're here,*
But only ſay, *They're paſt.*

Our Life is ever on the Wing,
And Death is ever nigh,
The Moment when our Lives begin
We all begin to Die.

Yet, Mighty God, our fleeting Days
Thy laſting Favours ſhare,
Yet with the Bounties of thy Grace
Thou load'ſt the rolling Year.

- 5 'Tis Sovereign Mercy finds us Food,
And we are cloath'd with Love:
While Grace stands pointing out the Road
That leads our Souls above.
- 6 His Goodness runs an endless Round;
All Glory to the Lord:
His Mercy never knows a Bound;
And be his Name ador'd.
- 7 Thus we begin the lasting Song,
And when we climb the Sky,
Let following Years thy Praise prolong
Till Time it self shall die.

LIX. *Paradise on Earth.*

- 1 **G**LORY to God that walks the Sky,
And sends his Blessings thro',
That tells his Saints of Joys on high,
And gives a taste below.
- 2 Glory to God that stoops his Throne
That Dust and Worms may see't,
And brings a glimpse of Glory down
Around his Sacred Feet.
- 3 When *Christ* with all his Graces crown'd
Sheds his kind Beams abroad,
'Tis a Young Heaven on Earthly Ground,
And Glory in the Bud.
- 4 A green young Paradise of Joy
In this wild Desert springs;
And every Sense I strait employ
On sweet Celestial Things.

White Lillies all around appear,
And each his Glory shows ;
The Rose of *Sharon* blossoms here,
The fairest Flow'r that blows.

Cheerful I feast on heavenly Fruit,
And drink the Pleasures down,
Pleasures that flow hard by the Foot
Of the Eternal Throne.

But ah ! how soon my Joys decay,
How soon my Sins arise,
And snatch the Heavenly Scene away
From these lamenting Eyes !

When shall the Time, dear *Jesus*, when
The shining Day appear,
That I shall leave those clouds of Sin,
And Guilt and Darknes here.

Up to the Fields above the Skies
My hasty Feet would go,
There Everlasting Flowers arise,
And Joys unwithering grow.

*X. The Truth of God the Promiser:
or, The Promises are our Security.*

Praise, everlasting Praise be paid,
To him that Earths Foundations laid ;
Praise to the God whose strong Decrees
Sway the Creation as they please.

Praise to the Goodness of the Lord
Who rules his People by his Word,

And

And there as strong as his Decrees
He sets his kindest Promises.

3 Firm are the Words his Prophets give,
Sweet Words on which his Children live,
Each of them is the Voice of God
Who spoke and spread the Skies abroad.

4 Each of them powerful as that Sound
That bid the New-made Heav'ns go round
And stronger than the Solid Poles
On which the Wheel of Nature rolls.

5 Whence then should Doubts and Fears
(arise)
Why trickling Sorrows drown our Eyes
Slowly, alas, our Mind receives
The Comforts that our Maker gives.

6 O for a strong, a lasting Faith
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T' embrace the Message of his Son,
And call the Joys of Heav'n our own.

7 Then should the Earths old Pillars shake,
And all the Wheels of Nature break,
Our steady Souls should fear no more
Than solid Rocks when Billows roar.

8 Our Everlasting Hopes arise
Above the ruinable Skies;
Where the Eternal Builder reigns,
And his own Courts his Power sustains.

And the Creation thus was made

And I will to the Goodness of the Lord
Who raises his People by his Word

II. *A Thought of Death and Glory.*

MY Soul, come meditate the Day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this House of Clay;
And fly to unknown Lands.

And You mine Eyes look down and view
The hollow gaping Tomb,
This gloomy Prison waits for You
When e're the Summons come.

O could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead,
Then would our Spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the Dead.

Then should we see the Saints above
In their own Glorious Forms,
And wonder why our Souls should love
To dwell with Mortal Worms.

How we should scorn these Cloaths of Flesh,
These Fetters and this Load!
And long for Ev'ning to undress,
And leap away to God.

We should almost forsake our Clay,
Before the Summons come,
And pray, and wish our Souls away
To their Eternal Home.

LXII. *God the Thunderer--- or, The
Last Judgment, and Hell*.*

- 1 Sing to the Lord, ye Heavenly Hosts,
And thou, O Earth, adore,
Let Death and Hell thro' all their Coasts
Stand trembling at his Power.
- 2 His rolling Chariot shakes the Sky,
He makes the Clouds his Throne,
There all his stores of Lightning lye
Till Vengeance dart them down.
- 3 His Nostrils breath out fiery Streams,
And from his awful Tongue,
A mighty Voice divides the Flames,
And Thunder roars along.
- 4 Think, O my Soul, the dreadful Day
When this incensed God
Shall rend the Sky, and burn the Sea,
And fling his Wrath abroad.
- 5 What shall the Wretch the Sinner do,
That once defy'd the Lord?
But he shall dread the Thunderer now,
And sink beneath his Word.
- 6 Tempests of angry Fire shall roll
To blast the Rebel-Worm,
And beat upon his naked Soul
In one Eternal Storm.

* *Made in a great sudden Storm of Thunder. Aug
20th, 1697.*

LXIII.

LXIII. *A Funeral Thought.*

Hark! from the Tombs a doleful
My Ears attend the Cry, (Sound!
Ye Living Men, come view the Ground
"Where you must shortly lie.

Princes, this Clay must be your Bed
"In sight of all your Tow'rs,
The Tall, the Wise, the Reverend Head
"Must lie as low as ours.

Great God, is this our certain Doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downwards to our Tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

Grant us the Powers of quickning Grace,
To fit our Souls to fly,
Then when we drop this dying Flesh,
We'll rise above the Sky.

XIV. *God the Glory and the Defence
of Sion.*

Happy the Church, thou sacred place,
The Seat of thy Creator's Grace;
Thine holy Courts are his abode,
Thou Earthly Palace of our God.

Thy Walls are Strength, and at thy Gates,
A Guard of heavenly Warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep Foundations move,
Fixt on his Counsels and his Love.

3 Thy

- 3 Thy Foes in vain Designs engage,
Against his Throne in vain they rage,
Like rising Waves with angry Roar
That dash and die upon the Shore.
- 4 Then let our Souls in *Sion* dwell,
Nor fear the Wrath of *Rome* and Hell:
His Arms embrace this happy Ground
Like Brazen Bullwarks built around.
- 5 God is our Shield, and God our Sun;
Swift as the nimble Moments run
On us he sheds new beams of Grace;
And we reflect his brightest Praise.

LXV. *The Hope of Heaven our Support under Trials on Earth.*

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my Title clear
To Mansions in the Skies,
I bid farewell to every Fear,
And wipe my weeping Eyes.
- 2 Should Earth against my Soul engage,
And Hellish Darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at *Satan's* Rage,
And face a frowning World.
- 3 Let Cares like a wild Deluge come,
And Storms of Sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my Home,
My God, my Heaven, my All.
- 4 There shall I bath my weary Soul
In Seas of heavenly Rest;

Nor dares a Wave of Trouble roll
Across my peaceful Breast.

XVI. *A Prospect of Heaven makes
Death easy.*

Here is a Land of pure Delight
Where Saints Immortal reign,
Infinite Day excludes the Night,
And Pleasures banish Pain.

There everlasting Spring abides,
And never-withering Flowers:
Death like a narrow Sea divides
This Heav'nly Land from ours.

Sweet Fields beyond the swelling Flood,
Stand drest in living Green:
So to the Jews Old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

But timorous Mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow Sea,
And linger shivering on the Brink,
And fear to lanch away.

O could we make our Doubts remove,
These gloomy Doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbecclouded Eyes.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the Landskip o're, (Flood
Not Jordan's Stream, nor Death's cold
Should fright us from the Shore.

LXVII. *God's Eternal Dominion*

- 1 **G**reat God, how Infinite art Thou!
 What worthless Worms are we!
 Let the whole Race of Creatures bow,
 And pay their Praise to thee.
- 2 Thy Throne Eternal Ages stood
 'Ere Seas or Stars were made;
 Thou art the Everliving God
 Were all the Nations dead.
- 3 Nature and Time quite naked lie
 To thine Immense Survey,
 From the Formation of the Sky
 To the great Burning-Day.
- 4 Eternity with all its Years
 Stands present in thy View;
 To thee there's nothing Old appears,
 Great God, there's nothing New.
- 5 Our Lives thro' various Scenes are drawn
 And vex'd with trifling Cares;
 While thine Eternal Thought moves on
 Thine undisturb'd Affairs.
- 6 Great God, how Infinite art Thou!
 What worthless Worms are we!
 Let the whole Race of Creatures bow
 And pay their Praise to thee.

XVIII. *The Humble Worship of
Heaven.*

Father, I long, I faint to see
The Place of thine Abode,
And leave thy Earthly Courts and flee
Up to thy Seat, my God !

Here I behold thy distant Face
And 'tis a pleasing Sight ;
But to abide in thine Embrace
Is Infinite Delight.

And part with all the Joys of Sense
To gaze upon thy Throne :
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, Unknown.

There all the Heavenly Hosts are seen,
In shining Ranks they move,
And drink Immortal Vigor in,
With Wonder and with Love.

Then at thy Feet with awful Fear
Th' adoring Armies fall ;
With Joy they shrink to NOTHING there
Before th' Eternal ALL.

There I would vie with all the Host,
In Duty and in Bliss,
While LESS THAN NOTHING I could
* And VANITY confess. (boast,

* Isa. 40. 17.

- 7 The more thy Glories strike mine Eyes
 The humbler I shall lie;
 Thus while I sink, my Joys shall rise
 Unmeasurably high.

LXIX. *The Faithfulness of God in Promises.*

- 1 **B**egin my Tongue, some heav'nly Theme
 And speak some boundless thing,
 The mighty Works or mightier Name
 Of our Eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wondrous Faithfulness,
 And sound his Power abroad,
 Sing the sweet Promise of his Grace,
 And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim "Salvation from the Lord
 "For wretched dying Men;
 His Hand has writ the Sacred Word
 With an Immortal Pen.
- 4 Engrav'd as in Eternal Brass
 The mighty Promise lies,
 Nor can the Powers of Darkness raise
 The Records of the Skies.
- 5 He that can dash whole Worlds to Death
 And make them when he please,
 He Speaks, and that Almighty Breath
 Fulfils his great Decrees.
- 6 His very Word of Grace is strong
 As that which built the Skies,

he Voice that rolls the Stars along
Speaks all the Promises.

He said, "Let the wide Heav'n be spread,
And Heaven was stretch'd abroad;
Abrah'm I'll be thy God, He said,
And He was *Abrah'm's* God.

might I hear thine Heavenly Tongue
But whisper, *Thou art mine*,
Whole gentle Words should raise my Song
To Notes almost Divine.

How would my leaping Heart rejoyce,
And think my Heaven secure!
Trust the All-Creating Voice,
And Faith desires no more.

X. *God's Dominion over the Sea;*
Psalm 107. 23, &c.

GOD of the Seas, thy thundering Voice
Makes all the roaring Waves rejoyce,
And a soft Word of thy Command
Can sink them silent in the Sand.

But a *Moses* wave thy Rod,
The Sea divides and owns its God;
The Stormy Floods their Maker knew,
And let his chosen Armies thro'.

The scaly Flocks amidst the Sea
To thee their Lord a tribute pay;
The meanest Fish that swims the Flood
Leaps up, and means a Praise to God.

- 4 The larger Monsters of the Deep,
On thy Commands Attendance keep,
By thy Permission sport and play,
And cleave along their foaming Way.
- 5 If God his Voice of Tempest rears
Leviathan lies still and fears,
Anon he lifts his Nostrils high,
And spouts the Ocean to the Sky.
- 6 How is thy glorious Power ador'd
Amidst these watry Nations, Lord!
Yet the bold Men that trace the Seas,
Bold Men, refuse their Makers Praise.
- 7 What Scenes of Miracle they see,
And never tune a Song to thee!
While on the Flood they safely ride,
They curse the Hand that smooths the Tide.
- 8 Anon thou dig'st them watry Graves,
And some drink Death among the Waves,
Yet the surviving Crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescu'd them.
- 9 O for some Signal of thine Hand!
Shake all the Seas, Lord, shake the Land,
Great Judge descend, lest Men deny
That there's a God that rules the Sky.

*In the following Hymns of this Second Book
hope the Reader will forgive the neglect of Rhyme
in the First and Third Lines of the Stanza.*

LXXI. *Praise to God from all
Creatures.*

THE Glories of my Maker-God
My Joyful Voice shall sing,
And call the Nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

'Twas his Right Hand that shap'd our Clay;
And wrought this Humane Frame,
But from his own immediate Breath
Our nobler Spirits came.

We bring our mortal Powers to God,
And worship with our Tongues :
We claim some kindred with the Skies
And joyn th' Angelic Songs.

Let groveling Beasts of every Shape,
And Fowls of every Wing,
And Rocks, and Trees, and Fires, and Seas
Their various Tribute bring.

Let Planets to his Honour shine,
And Wheels of Nature roll,
Praise him in your unwearied Course
Around the steady Pole.

The Brightness of our Maker's Name
The wide Creation fills,
And his unbounded Grandeur flies
Beyond the Heavenly Hills.

LXXII. *The Lord's Day: or, The
Resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 **B**lest Morning, whose young dawning
Beheld our rising God,
That saw him triumph o're the Dust,
And leave his dark Abode.
- 2 In the cold Prison of a Tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving Skies had brought
The third, th' appointed Day.
- 3 Hell and the Grave unite their Force
To hold our God in vain,
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble Chain.
- 4 To thy great Name, Almighty Lord,
These Sacred Hours we pay,
And loud *Hosannas* shall proclaim
The Triumph of the Day.
- 5 Salvation and Immortal Praise
To our Victorious King,
Let Heaven, and Earth, and Rocks, and Seas
With glad *Hosannas* ring.

LXXIII. *Doubts scatter'd: or, Spi-
ritual Joy restor'd.*

- 1 **H**ence from my Soul, sad Thoughts,
And leave me to my Joys, (gone)

My Tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.

Darkness and Doubts had vail'd my Mind,
And drown'd my Head in Tears,
Till Sovereign Grace with shining Rays
Dispell'd my gloomy Fears.

O what Immortal Joys I felt,
And Raptures all Divine,
When *Jesus* told me, I was his,
And my Beloved, mine.

In vain the Tempter frights my Soul,
And breaks my Peace in vain,
One Glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy Face
Revives my Joys again.

XIV. *Repentance from a Sense of
Divine Goodness : or, A Complaint
of Ingratitude.*

IS this the kind Return,
And these the Thanks we owe?

to abuse Eternal Love
Whence all our Blessings flow?

To what a stubborn Frame
Has Sin reduc'd our Mind?
at strange rebellious Wretches we,
And God as strangely kind?

On us he bids the Sun
Shed his reviving Rays,
as the Skies their Circles run
To lengthen out our Days.

4 The Brutes obey their God,
And bow their Necks to Men,
But we more base, more brutish Things
Reject his easy Reign.

5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our Souls afresh,
Break, Sov'reign Grace, these stubborn Fleshes
And give us Hearts of Flesh.

6 Let old Ingratitude
Provoke our weeping Eyes,
And hourly as new Mercies fall
Let hourly Thanks arise.

**LXXV. *Spiritual and Eternal Joy
or, The Beatific Sight of Christ.***

1 FROM Thee, my God, my Joys shall
And run Eternal Rounds,
Beyond the Limits of the Skies,
And all created Bounds.

2 The holy Triumphs of my Soul
Shall Death it self out-brave,
Leave dull Mortality behind,
And fly beyond the Grave.

3 There where my Blessed Jesus reigns
In Heavens unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long Eternity
In Pleasure and in Praise.

4 Millions of Years my wondring Eyes
Shall o're thy Beauties rove,

And endless Ages I'll adore
The Glories of thy Love.

Sweet *Jesus*, every Smile of thine
Shall fresh Endearments bring,
And thousand Tasts of new Delight
From all thy Graces spring.

Hast my Beloved, fetch my Soul
Up to thy blest Abode,
Fly, for my Spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

XXVI. *The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.*

H*osanna* to the Prince of Light
That cloath'd himself in Clay,
Enter'd the Iron Gates of Death,
And tore the Barrs away.

Death is no more the King of dread
Since our *Emanuel* rose,
He took the Tyrants Sting away,
And spoil'd our Hellish Foes.

See how the Conqueror mounts aloft
And to his Father flies,
Bearing the Scars of bloody War,
Up to his Native Skies.

There the triumphant Saviour reigns,
And scatters Blessings down,
Our *Jesus* fills the middle Seat
Of the Celestial Throne.

- 5 Raise your Devotion, Mortal Tongues
To reach his bless'd Abode,
Sweet be the Accents of your Songs
To our Incarnate God.
- 6 Bright Angels, strike your loudest Strains
And tune your sweetest Lays,
Let Heaven and all created things
Sound our *Emanuel's* Praise.

LXXVII. *The Christian Warfare*

- 1 **S**Tand up my Soul, shake off thy Fears
And gird the Gospel-Armour on,
March to the Gates of endless Joy
Where thy Great Captain-Saviour's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy Sins resist thy Course,
But Hell and Sin are vanquish'd Foes,
Thy *Jesus* nail'd 'em to the Cross,
And sung a Triumph when he rose.
- 3 What tho' the Prince of Darkness rage,
And wast the Fury of his spight,
Eternal Chains confine him down
To fiery Deeps and endless Night.
- 4 What tho' thine inward Lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling Gasp for Life;
The Weapons of Victorious Grace
Shall slay thy Sins, and end the Strife.
- 5 Then let my Soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly Gate,
There Peace and Joy Eternal reign,
And glittering Robes for Conquerors wait.

6 There

There shall I wear a starry Crown,
And triumph in Immortal Lays,
While the wing'd Armies of the Skies
Joyn in my glorious Leader's Praise.

LXXVIII. *Redemption by Christ.*

When the first Parents of our Race
Rebell'd and lost their God,
And the Infection of their Sin
Had tainted all our Blood,

Infinite Pity warm'd the Heart
Of the Eternal Son,
Descending from the heavenly Court
He left his Father's Throne.

Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine Aray,
And wrap'd his Godhead in a Veil
Of our inferior Clay.

His living Power, and dying Love,
Redeem'd unhappy Men,
And rais'd the Ruins of our Race
To Life and God again.

To thee, dear Lord, our Flesh and Soul
We joyfully resign,
Blest *Jesus*, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

Thine Honour shall for ever be
The Business of our Days,
For ever shall our thankful Tongues
Speak thy deserved Praise.

LXXIX. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 **P**lung'd in a Gulph of dark Despair
We wretched Sinners lay,
Without one chearful Beam of Hope,
Or Spark of glimmering Day.
- 2 With pitying Eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless Grief,
He saw, and (O amazing Love)
He ran to our Relief.
- 3 Down from the shining Seats above
With joyful Hast he fled,
Enter'd the Grave in Mortal Flesh,
And dwelt among the Dead.
- 4 He spoil'd the Powers of Darknes thus
And brake our Iron Chains;
Jesus has freed our captive Souls
From Everlasting Pains.
- 5 In vain the baffled Prince of Hell
His cursed Projects tries,
We that were doom'd his endless Slaves
Are rais'd above the Skies.
- 6 O for this Love let Rocks and Hills
Their lasting Silence break,
And all harmonious human Tongues
The Saviour's Praises speak.
- 7 Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
Our Souls are all on Flame;
Hosanna round the spacious Earth
To thine adored Name.

angels, assist our mighty Joys,
Strike all your Harps of Gold ;
But when you raise your highest Notes
His Love can ne'er be told.

XXX. *God's awful Power and
Goodness.*

O The Almighty Lord !
How matchless is his Power !
O Earth beneath his Word,
And all ye Heavens adore.

Let Proud Imperious Kings
Bow low before his Throne,
Such to his Feet ye haughty Things,
For he can dash you down.

Above the Skies he reigns,
And with amazing Blows
deals unsufferable Pains
On his Rebellious Foes.

Yet, Everlasting God,
We love to speak thy Praise,
Scepter's equal to thy Rod,
The Scepter of thy Grace.

The Arms of mighty Love
Defend our *Sion* well,
Hofty Mercy walls us round
From *Babylon* and Hell.

Salvation to the King
That sits enthron'd above ;
As we adore the God of Might,
And bless the God of Love.

LXXXI. *Our Sin the Cause of Christ's Death.*

- 1 **A**ND now the Scales have left mine Eyes,
And now methinks I see,
Oh the curst Deeds my Sins have done!
What murderous things they be!
- 2 Were these the Traytors, dearest Lord,
That thy fair Body tore?
Monsters, that stain'd those heavenly Limbs
With Floods of purple Gore?
- 3 Was it for Crimes that I had done
My dearest Lord was slain,
When Justice seiz'd God's only Son
And put his Soul to Pain?
- 4 Forgive my Guilt, O Prince of Peace,
I'll wound my God no more,
Hence from my Heart, ye Sins, be gone
For Jesus I adore.
- 5 Furnish me, Lord, with heavenly Arms
From Graces Magazine,
And I'll proclaim Eternal War
With every darling Sin.

LXXXII. *Redemption and Protection from spiritual Enemies.*

- 1 **A**Rise my Soul, my Joyful Powers,
And triumph in my God,
Awake my Voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious Grace abroad.

He rais'd me from the Deeps of Sin,
The Gates of gaping Hell,
And fix'd my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

The Arms of everlasting Love
Beneath my Soul he plac'd,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery Footsteps fast.

The City of my blest Abode
Is wall'd around with Grace,
Salvation for a Bulwark stands
To shield the Sacred Place.

Satan may vent his sharpest spight,
And all his Legions roar,
Almighty Mercy guards my Life,
And bounds his raging Power.

Arise my Soul, awake my Voice,
And Tunes of Pleasure sing,
Loud Hallelujahs shall adore
My Saviour and my King.

XXXIII. *The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.*

Thus saith the Lord that rules the Skies,
"Awake my Iron Rod,
"Awake my Sword, and smite the Man
"That's Fellow to a God.

Vengeance receiv'd the loud Command,
And armed down she flies,

Jesus

*Jesus submits t' his Father's Hand,
And bows his Head and dies.*

- 3 But oh ! the Wisdom and the Grace
That joyn with Vengeance now !
• He dies to save our Guilty Race,
And yet he rises too.
- 4 A Person so divine was he
Who yielded to be Slain,
That he could give his Soul away,
And take his Life again. •
- 5 Live Glorious Lord, and reign on high,
Let every Nation sing,
And Angels sound thro' all the Sky
The Saviour and the King.

LXXXIV. *The Same.*

- 1 **C**ome all harmonious Tongues,
Your noblest Music bring ;
'Tis *Christ* the Everlasting God,
And *Christ* the Man we sing.
- 2 Tell how he took our Flesh
To take away our Guilt,
Sing the dear Drops of Sacred Blood
That Hellish Monsters spilt.
- 3 Alas, the cruel Spear
Went deep into his side,
And the rich Flood of purple Gore
Their murth'rous Weapons dy'd.
- 4 The Waves of swelling Grief
Did o're his Bosom roll,

Mountains of Almighty Wrath
Lay heavy on his Soul.

Down to the shades of Death
He bow'd his awful Head,
He arose to live and reign
When Death it self is dead.

No more the bloody Spear,
The Cross and Nails no more;
Hell it self shakes at his Name
And all the Heav'ns adore.

There the Redeemer sits
High on the Father's Throne,
The Father lays his Vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

There his full Glories shine
With uncreated Rays,
And bless his Saints and Angels Eyes
To everlasting Days.

LXXXV. *Sufficiency of Pardon.*

WHY does your face, ye humble Souls,
These mournful Colours wear?

What Doubts are these that waste your
And nourish your Despair? (Faith,

What tho' your numerous Sins exceed
The Spangles of the Skies,
And aiming at th' Eternal Throne
Like pointed Mountains rise;

What tho' your mighty Guilt beyond
The wide Creation swell,

And

- And has its curst Foundations laid
Low as the Deeps of Hell ;
- 4 See here an endless Ocean flows
Of never failing Grace,
Floods from a dying Saviour's Veins
The Sacred Tide increase :
- 5 It rises, see, and drowns the Hills,
'T has neither Shore nor Bound :
Now if we search to find our Sins,
Our Sins can ne're be found.
- 6 Awake our Hearts, adore the Grace
That buries all our Fau'ts,
And pardoning Blood that swells above
Our Follies and our Thoughts.

LXXXVI. *Freedom from Sin and
Misery in Heaven.*

- 1 OUR Sins, alas, how strong they be!
And like a violent Sea
They break our Duty (Lord) to thee,
And hurry us away.
- 2 The Waves of Trouble how they rise!
How loud the Tempests roar !
But Death shall land our weary Souls
Safe on the heavenly Shore.
- 3 There to fulfil his sweet Commands
Our speedy Feet shall move,
No Sin shall clog our winged Zeal,
Or cool our burning Love.

There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The Wonders of his Grace,
Till heavenly Raptures fire our Hearts,
And smile in ev'ry Face.

For ever his dear sacred Name
Shall dwell upon our Tongue,
And *Jesus* and Salvation be
The close of every Song.

XXXVII. *The Divine Glories above
our Reason.*

HOW wondrous great, how glorious
Is the Eternal He, (bright
That dwells amid'st the dazzling Light
Of vast Infinity?

Our soaring Spirits upward rise
Tow'rd the Celestial Throne,
Fain would we see the Blessed Three,
And the Almighty One.

Our Reason stretches all its Wings,
And climbs above the Skies,
But still how far beneath thy Feet
Our groveling Reason lies!

Lord, here we bend our humble Souls,
And awfully adore,
For the weak Pinions of our Mind
Can stretch a Thought no more.

Thy Glories infinitely rise
Above our labouring Tongue,

In vain the highest Seraph tries,
To form an equal Song.

- 6 In humble Notes our Faith adores
The great mysterious King,
While Angels strain their nobler Powers
And sweep th' immortal String.

LXXXVIII. *Salvation.*

- 1 **S**alvation ! O the joyful Sound !
'Tis Music to our Ears ;
A Sovereign Balm for every Wound,
A Cordial for our Fears.
- 2 Bury'd in Sorrow and in Sin,
At Hell's dark Door we lay,
But we arise by Grace Divine
To see a heavenly Day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the Eccho fly
The spacious Earth around,
While all the Armies of the Sky
Conspire to raise the Sound.

LXXXIX. *Christ's Victory over Satan.*

- 1 **H**osanna to our conquering King,
The Prince of Darkness flies,
His Troops rush headlong down to Hell
Like Lightning from the Skies.
- 2 There bound in Chains the Lions roar,
And fright the rescu'd Sheep,

But heavy Bars confine their Pow'r
And Malice to the Deep.

Hosanna to our conquering King,
All hail, Incarnate Love!

Ten thousand Songs and Glories wait
To crown thy Head above.

Thy Vict'ries and thy deathless Fame
Thro' the wide World shall run,
And everlasting Ages sing
The Triumphs thou hast won.

*C. Faith in Christ for Pardon and
Sanctification*

How sad our State by Nature is!
Our Sin how deep it stains!
And *Satan* binds our captive Minds
Fast in his slavish Chains.

But there's a Voice of sovereign Grace
Sounds from the sacred Word,
"Ho, ye despairing Sinners come,
"And trust upon the Lord.

My Soul obeys th' Almighty Call
And runs to this Relief,
I would believe thy Promise, Lord,
Oh, help my Unbelief.

To the dear Crimson of thy Veins
Incarnate God, I fly,
Here let me wash my spotted Soul
From Crimes of blackest Dye.

- 5 Stretch out thine Arm, victorious King,
My reigning Sins subdue,
Drive the old Dragon from his Seat,
With all his hellish Crew.
- 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless Worm
On thy kind Arms I fall,
Be thou my Pardon, and my Strength,
My Jesus, and my All.

XCI. *The Glory of Christ in Heaven*

- 1 O The Delights, the heavenly Joys,
The Glories of the Place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest Beams
Of his O'er-flowing Grace!
- 2 Sweet Majesty and awful Love
Sit smiling on his Brow,
And all the glorious Ranks above
At humble Distance bow.
- 3 Princes to his Imperial Name
Bend their bright Scepters down,
Dominions, Thrones, and Powers rejoice
To see him wear the Crown.
- 4 Archangels sound his lofty Praise
Thro' every heavenly Street,
And lay their highest Glories down
At his adored Feet.
- 5 Those soft, those blessed Feet of his
That once rude Iron tore,

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And all
His Head
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II. *Spiritual Songs.*

163

High on a glittering Throne they stand,
And all the Skies adore.

His Head, the dear Majestick Head
That cruel Thorns did wound,
See where the dazzling Glories shine,
And circle it around.

This is the Man, th' exalted Man
Whom we unseen adore,
But when our Eyes behold his Face,
Our Hearts shall love him more.

Lord, how our Souls are all on Fire
To see thy blest Abode,
Our Tongues rejoyce in Tunes of Praise
To our incarnate God

And whilst our Faith enjoys this Sight,
We long to leave our Clay,
And with the Chariots of the Skies
To fetch our Souls away.

CII. *The Church saved, and her Enemies disappointed.*

Compos'd the 5th of November, 1694.

SHout to the Lord, and let our Joys
Thro' the whole Nation run;
Ye British Skies resound the Noise
Beyond the rising Sun.

Thee, mighty God, our Souls adore,
Thee our glad Voices sing,

And

And join with the Celestial Quire
To praise th' Eternal King.

3 Thy Power the whole Creation rules,
And on the starry Skies
Sits smiling at the weak Designs
Thine envious Foes devise.

4 Thy Scorn derides their feeble Rage,
And with an awful Frown
Flings vast Confusion on their Plots,
And nods their *Babel* down.

5 Their secret Fires in Caverns lay,
And we the Sacrifice:
But gloomy Caverns strove in vain
To scape all-searching Eyes.

6 Their dark Designs were all reveal'd,
Their Treasons all betray'd:
Praise to the God that broke the Snare
Their curst Hands had laid.

7 In vain the busy Sons of Hell
Still new Rebellions try,
Their Souls shall pine with envious Rage
And vex away and die.

8 For mighty Grace defends our Land
From their malicious Power,
Rise *England*, and with chearful Songs
Almighty Grace adore.

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CIII. *God all, and in all; Psal. 73. 25.*

MY God, my Life, my Love,
To thee, to thee I call,
cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

Thy shining Grace can cheer
This Dungeon where I dwell,
Paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis Hell.

The Smilings of thy Face,
How amiable they are!
Heaven to rest in thine Embrace,
And no where else but there.

To thee, and thee alone,
The Angels owe their Bliss,
they sit around thy gracious Throne
And dwell where *Jesus* is.

Not all the Harps above
Can make a heavenly Place,
Songs nor Strings are heavenly things
If God conceal his Face.

Nor Earth nor all the Sky
Can one Delight afford,
not a Drop of real Joy
Without thy Presence, Lord.

Thou art the boundless Sea
Where all my Pleasures roll,
the Circle where my Passions play,
And Centre of my Soul.

8 To thee my Spirits fly
 With infinite Desire,
 And yet how far from thee I lie;
 Dear *Jefus* raife me nigher.

XCIV. *God my only Happinefs*;
 Pſal. 73. 25.

1 **M**Y God, my Portion, and my Love
 My everlaſting All,
 I've none but thee in Heaven above,
 Or on this Earthly Ball.

2 What empty things are all the Skies,
 And this Inferiour Clod?
 There's nothing here deſerves my Joys,
 There's nothing like my God.

3 In vain the bright, the burning Sun
 Scatters his feeble Light;
 'Tis thy ſweet Beams create my Noon;
 If thou withdraw, 'tis Night.

4 And whiſt upon my reſtleſs Bed
 Amongſt the Shades I roll,
 If my Redeemer ſhow his Head,
 'Tis Morning with my Soul.

5 To thee we owe our Wealth and Friends
 And Health and ſafe Abode;
 Thanks to thy Name for meaner things,
 But they are not my God.

6 How vain a Toy is glittering Wealth
 If once compar'd to thee?

What's my Safety, or my Health,
Or all my Friends to me?

Were I Possessor of the Earth,
And call'd the Stars my own,
Without thy Graces and thy self
I were a Wretch undone?

Let others stretch their Arms like Seas,
And grasp in all the Shore,
Grant me the Visits of thy Face,
And I desire no more.

V. *Look on him whom they pierced,
and mourn.*

Infinite Grief! amazing Woe!

Behold my bleeding Lord:
Hell and the *Jews* conspir'd his Death,
And us'd the *Roman* Sword.

With the sharp Pangs of smarting Pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
Then knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns
His sacred Body tore!

At knotty Whips and ragged Thorns
In vain do I accuse,
In vain I blame the *Roman* Bands,
And the more spiteful *Jews*.

'Twere you my Sins, my cruel Sins,
His chief Tormentors were,
Each of my Crimes became a Nail,
And Unbelief the Spear.

5 'Twere

5 'Twere you that pull'd the Vengeance down
Upon his guiltless Head:
Break, break my Heart, oh burst
And let my Sorrows bleed.

6 Strike, mighty Grace, my flinty Soul
Till melting Waters flow,
And deep Repentance drown mine Eye
In undissembled Woe.

XCVI. *Distinguishing Love: or,
Angels punish'd, and Man saved.*

1 **D**own headlong from their native Skies
The Rebel-Angels fell,
And Thunderbolts of flaming Wrath
Pursu'd them deep to Hell.

2 Down from the Top of earthly Bliss
Rebellious Man was hurl'd,
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the Grave
To reach a sinking World.

3 O Love of infinite Degrees!
Unmeasurable Grace!
Must Heaven's eternal Darling die,
To save a trait'rous Race?

4 Must Angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless Fire,
While God forsakes his shining Throne
To raise us Wretches higher?

5 O for this Love let Earth and Skies
With *Hallelujahs* ring,

And the full Choir of human Tongues
All Hallelujah sing.

XCVII. *The Same.*

FROM Heaven the sinning Angels fell,
And Wrath and Darkness chain'd 'em
But Man, vile Man forsook his Bliss, (down;
And Mercy lifts him to a Crown.

Amazing Work of Sovereign Grace
That could distinguish Rebels so!
Our Guilty Treasons call'd as loud
For Everlasting Fetters too.

To thee, to thee Almighty Love,
Our Souls, our Selves, our All we pay,
Millions of Tongues shall sound thy Praise
Thro' the bright Streets of heavenly Day.

XCVIII. *Hardness of Heart
Complain'd.*

MY Heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies,
Heavy and cold within my Breast
Just like a Rock of Ice!

Sin like a raging Tyrant sits
Upon this flinty Throne,
And every Grace lies bury'd deep
Beneath this Heart of Stone.

How seldom do I rise to God,
Or tast the Joys above?

I

This

This Mountain presses down my Faith,
And chills my flaming Love.

- 4 When smiling Mercy courts my Soul
With all its heavenly Charms,
This stubborn, this relentless thing
Would thrust it from my Arms.
- 5 Against the Thunders of thy Word
Rebellious I have stood,
My Heart, it shakes not at the Wrath
And Terrors of a God.
- 6 Dear Saviour, steep this Rock of mine
In thine own crimson Sea,
None but a Bath of Blood Divine
Can melt the Flint away.

XCIX. *The Book of God's Decrees*

- 1 **L**ET the whole Race of Creatures lie
Abas'd before their God:
What e're his Sovereign Voice has form'd
He governs with a Nod.
- 2 Ten thousand Ages e're the Skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long Years and Worlds to come
Stood present to his Thought.
- 3 There's not a Sparrow or a Worm
But's found in his Decrees;
He raises Monarchs to their Thrones,
And sinks them as he please.
- 4 If Light attends the Course I run
'Tis he provides these Rays;

And 'tis his Hand that hides my Sun,
If Darkness cloud my Days.

Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to see

The Volume of his deep Decrees,
What Months are writ for me.

When he reveals the Book of Life,

Oh may I read my Name

Amongst the Chosen of his Love,
The Followers of the Lamb.

*The Presence of Christ is the Life
of my Soul.*

HOW full of Anguish is the Thought,
How it distracts and tears my Heart,
If God at last my Sovereign Judge
Should frown, and bid my Soul, Depart!

Lord, when I quit this Earthly Stage
Where shall I fly but to thy Breast?

For I have fought no other Home;
For I have learnt no other Rest.

I cannot live contented here,
Without some Glimpses of thy Face;
And Heaven without thy Presence there
Would be a dark and tiresome Place.

When Earthly Cares ingross the Day,
And hold my Thoughts aside from thee,
The shining Hours of chearful Light
Are long and tedious Years to me.

- 5 And if no Evening Visit's paid
Between my Saviour and my Soul,
How dull the Night! how sad the Shade
How mournfully the Minutes roll!
- 6 This Flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my Blood;
To breath where vital Air is none;
Or thrive and grow without my Food.
- 7 *Christ* is my Light, my Life, my Care,
My blessed Hope, my heavenly Prize;
Dearer than all my Passions are,
My Limbs, my Bowels, or my Eyes.
- 8 The Strings that twine about my Heart,
Tortures and Racks may tear them off;
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of *Christ* my Love.
- 9 My God! and can an humble Child
That loves thee with a Flame so high
Be ever from thy Face exil'd
Without the Pity of thine Eye?
- 10 Impossible. --- For thine own hands
Have ty'd my Heart so fast to thee;
And in thy Book the Promise stands,
That where thou art thy Friends must be

CI. *The Worlds Three chief Temptations.*

- 1 **W**hen in the Light of Faith Divine
We look on things below,

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Honour, and Gold, and sensual Joy,
How vain and dang'rous too.

Honour's a Puff of noisy Breath :
Yet Men expose their Blood,
And venture Everlasting Death,
To gain that airy Good.

Whilst Others starve the nobler Mind,
And feed on shining Dust ;
They rob the Serpent of his Food,
T' indulge a sordid Lust.

The Pleasures that allure our Sense
Are dangerous Snares to Souls ;
There's but a drop of flatt'ring Sweet,
And dash'd with bitter Bowls.

God is mine All-sufficient Good,
My Portion and my Choice ;
In him my vast Desires are fill'd,
And all my Pow'rs rejoyce.

In vain the World accosts my Ears,
And tempts my Heart anew ;
I cannot buy your Bliss so dear,
Nor part with Heaven for you.

CII. *A Happy Resurrection.*

NO, I'll repine at Death no more,
But with a joyful Gasp resign
To the cold Dungeon of the Grave
These dying, withering Limbs of mine.

Let Worms devour my wasting Flesh,
And crumble all my Bones to Dust,

My God shall raise my Frame anew
At the Revival of the Just.

- 3 Break Sacred Morning thro' the Skys,
Bring that delightful, dreadful Day,
Cut short the Hours, dear Lord, and come
Thy lingring Wheels, how long they sta
- 4 Our weary Spirits faint to see
The Light of thy returning Face,
And taste the Sweetness of those Lips
Where God has shed his richest Grace.
- 5 Hast then upon the Wings of Love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping Clay,
That we may joyn in heavenly Joys,
And sing the Triumph of the Day.

CIII. *Christ's Commission*; John
16, 17.

- 1 **C**OME, happy Souls, approach your God
With new melodious Songs,
Come render to Almighty Grace
The Tribute of your Tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the Love
That pity'd dying Men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them Life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With an Incensed Rod,
No hard Commission to perform
The Vengeance of a God.

But all was Mercy, all was mild,
And Wrath forsook the Throne,
When *Christ* on the kind Errand came,
And brought Salvation down.

Here Sinners you may heal your Wounds,
And wipe your Sorrows dry,
Trust in the mighty Saviour's Name,
And you shall never die.

See, dearest Lord, our willing Souls
Accept thine offer'd Grace;
Thanks to the Great Redeemer's Love,
And to the Father Praise.

CIV. *The Same.*

1 **R**aife your Triumphant Songs
To an Immortal Tune,
Let the wide Earth resound the Deeds
Celestial Grace has done.

2 Sing how Eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched Race
From their Abyfs of Woes.

3 His Hand no Thunder bears,
Nor Terror cloaths his Brow,
No Bolts to blast our guilty Souls
To fiercer Flames below.

4 'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,
And Wrath stood silent by,
When *Christ* was sent with Pardons down
From the propitious Sky.

5 Now Sinners dry your Tears,
Let hopeless Sorrow cease,
Bow to the Sceptre of his Love,
And take the offer'd Peace.

6 Lord we obey thy Call,
We lay a humble Claim
To the Salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy Name.

CV. Repentance flowing from the Penitence of God.

1 **A**ND are we Wretches yet alive
And do we yet rebel?

'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing Love
That bears us up from Hell.

2 The burthen of our weighty Guilt
Wou'd sink us down to Flames,
And threatning Vengeance rolls above
To crush our feeble Frames.

3 Almighty Goodness cries, *Forbear,*
And strait the Thunder stays,
And dare we now provoke his Wrath,
And weary out his Grace?

4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy Love,
Too long indulg'd our Sin,
Our aking Hearts e'en bleed to see
What Monsters we have been.

5 No more, ye Lusts shall ye command,
No more will we obey,
Stretch out, O God, thy conquering Hand
And drive thy Foes away.

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CVI. *Repentance at the Cross.*

O If my Soul was form'd for Woe,
 How would I vent my Sighs!
 Repentance should like Rivers flow
 From both my streaming Eyes.

'Twas for my Sins my dearest Lord
 Hung on the cursed Tree,
 And groan'd away a dying Life
 For Thee, my Soul, for Thee.

Oh how I hate those Lusts of mine
 That crucify'd my God,
 Those Sins that pierc'd and nail'd his Flesh
 Fast to the fatal Wood.

Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
 My Heart has so decreed,
 Nor will I spare the guilty things
 That made my Saviour bleed.

Whilst with a melting broken Heart
 My murther'd Lord I view,
 I'll raise Revenge against my Sins,
 And slay the Murtherers too.

VII. *The everlasting Absence of
 God intolerable.*

THat awful Day will surely come,
 Th' appointed Hour makes hast,
 When I must stand before my Judge,
 And pass the solemn Test.

- 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my Joys,
Thou Sovereign of my Heart,
How could I bear to hear thy Voice
Pronounce the sound, *Depart?*
- 3 The Thunder of that dismal Word
Would so torment my Ear,
'Twould tear my Soul asunder, Lord,
With Extasy of Fear.
- 4 What to be banish'd from my Life,
And yet forbid to die?
To linger in Eternal Pain,
Yet Death for ever fly?
- 5 O wretched State of deep Despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful Station, where
I must not taste his Love!
- 6 *Jesus*, I throw my Arms around
And hang upon thy Breast;
Without a gracious Smile from thee
My Spirit cannot rest.
- 7 O tell me that my little Name
Is graven on thy Hands,
Show me some Promise in thy Book
Where my Salvation stands.
- 8 Give me one kind assuring Word
To sink my Fears again;
And chearfully my Soul shall wait
Her threescore Years and ten.

VIII. *Access to the Throne of Grace
by a Mediator.*

Come let us lift our joyful Eyes
Up to the Courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a Throne of Love.

Once 'twas a Seat of dreadful Wrath,
And shot devouring Flame,
Our God appear'd Consuming Fire,
And Vengeance was his Name.

Rich were the drops of Jesus Blood
That calm'd his frowning Face,
That sprinkled o're the flashing Throne,
And quench'd it into Grace.

Now we may bow before his Feet,
And venture near the Lord,
No fiery Cherub guards his Seat,
Nor double flaming Sword.

The peaceful Gates of heavenly Bliss
Are open'd by the Son,
High let us raise our Notes of Praise,
And reach th' Almighty Throne.

To thee ten thousand Thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And Glory to th' Eternal King
That lays his Fury by.

CIX. *The Darkness of Providence*

- 1 **L**Ord, we adore thy vast Designs,
Th' obscure Abyfs of Providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal Lines,
Too dark to view with feeble Sense.
- 2 Now thou array'ft thine awful Face
In angry Frowns, without a Smile;
We thro' the Cloud believe thy Grace,
Secure of thy Compassions ftill.
- 3 Thro' Seas and Storms of deep Distrefs
We sail by Faith and not by Sight;
Faith guides us in the Wilderness,
Through all the Briars and the Night.
- 4 Dear Father, if thy lifted Rod
Resolve to fcourge us here below;
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine Arm shall bear us fafely through.

CX. *Triumph over Death in hope
the Refurrection.*

- 1 **A**ND must this Body die?
This mortal Frame decay?
And must these active Limbs of mine
Lie mouldring in the Clay?
- 2 Then wellcome Earth and Worms,
Ye must refine this Flesh,
Till my triumphant Spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.

God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the Skies
looks down and watches all my Dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious Grace
Shall these vile Bodies shine,
And every Shape and every Face
Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively Hopes we owe
To *Jesus* dying Love ;
We would adore his Grace below,
And sing his Pow'r above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the Praise
Of these our humble Songs,
Till Tunes of nobler Sound we raise
With our Immortal Tongues.

The End of the Second Book.

HYMNS

H Y M N S

A N D

Spiritual Songs.

B O O K III.

Prepared for the holy Ordinance of the Lord's Supper.

I. *The Lord's Supper instituted, 1 Cor.*
 II. 23, &c.

T WAS on that dark, that dole-
 (ful Night
 When Powers of Earth and
 (Hell arose
 Against the Son of God's Delight,
 And Friends betray'd him to his Foes:

2 Just

Just e're the mournful Scene began
 He took the Bread, and blest, and brake;
 What Love thro' all his Actions ran!
 What wondrous Words of Grace he spake!

"This is my Body broke for Sin,

"Receive and eat the living Food:

Then took the Cup, and blest the Wine;

"Tis the New-Cov'nant in my Blood.

For us his Flesh with Nails was torn,
 He bore the Scourge, he felt the Thorn;
 And Justice pour'd upon his Head
 Its heavy Vengeance in our stead.

For us his vital Blood was spilt,
 To buy the Pardon of our Guilt,
 When for black Crimes of biggest Size
 He gave his Soul a Sacrifice.

"Do this (he cry'd) till Time shall end,

"In Memory of your dying Friend;

"Oft as ye meet around my Board

"Think of your dear departed Lord,

Jesus, thy Feast we celebrate,
 We show thy Death, we sing thy Name,
 Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The Marriage-Supper of the Lamb.

II. Communion with Christ, and
Saints; 1 Cor. 10. 16, 17.

- 1 **J**esus invites his Saints
To meet around his Board;
Here pardon'd Rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For Food he gives his Flesh,
He bids us drink his Blood;
Amazing Favour! matchless Grace
Of our descending God!
- 3 This holy Bread and Wine
Maintains our fainting Breath,
By Union with our living Lord,
And Interest in his Death.
- 4 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his Members one;
We the young Children of his Love,
And he the first-born Son.
- 5 We are but several Parts
Of the same broken Bread;
One Body hath its several Limbs,
But Jesus is the Head.
- 6 Let all our Pow'rs be join'd
His glorious Name to raise;
Pleasure and Love fill every Mind,
And every Voice be Praise.

*The New Testament in the Blood
of Christ; or, The New-Covenant
sealed.*

THE Promise of my Father's Love
" Shall stand for ever Good.

He said; and gave his Soul to Death,
And seal'd the Grace with Blood.

Now to thy Cov'nant, mighty Lord,
I set my little Name;
Seal th' Ingagement at thy Board,
And make my humble Claim.

Thy Light and Strength, and pard'ning
And Glory shall be mine; (Grace
My Life and Soul, my Heart and Flesh,
And all my Pow'rs are thine.

I call that Legacy my own
Which Jesus did bequeath;
Twas purchas'd with a dying Groan,
And ratify'd in Death.

Sweet is the memory of his Name,
Who blest us in his Will,
And to his Testament of Love
Made his own Life the Seal.

*Christ's dying Love; or, Our
Pardon bought at a dear Price.*

HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's Eternal Son?

Our

Our Misery reach'd his heav'nly Mind,
And Pity brought him down.

2 When Justice by our Sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful Sword,
He gave his Soul up to the Stroke
Without a murmuring Word.

3 He sunk beneath our heavy Woes
To raise us to his Throne ;
There's ne'er a Gift his Hand bestows
But cost his Heart a Groan.

4 This was Compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The Price of Pardon was his Blood,
His Pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now, tho he reigns exalted high,
His Love is still as great :

Well he remembers *Calvary*,
Nor lets his Saints forget.

6 Here we behold his Bowels roll
As kind as when he dy'd ;
And see the Sorrows of his Soul
Bleed thro' his wounded Side.

7 Here we receive repeated Seals
Of *Jesus* dying Love :
Hard is the Wretch that never feels
One soft Affection move.

8 Here let our Hearts begin to melt ;
And when we leave this Board,
While we rejoice at pardon'd Guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

Christ the Bread of Life, John 6.

34, 35, 39.

LET us adore th' eternal Word,
'Tis he our Souls hath fed ;
Thou art our living Stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal Bread.

The *Manna* came from lower Skies,
But *Jesus* from above,
Where the fresh Springs of Pleasure rise,
And Rivers flow with Love.

The *Jews* the Fathers dy'd at last
Who eat that Heavenly Bread ;
But these Provisions if we tast,
We live, tho we were dead.

Blest be the Lord that gives his Flesh
To quicken dying Men ;
And often spreads his Table fresh
Lest we should faint again.

Our Souls shall draw their Heav'nly Breath
While *Jesus* finds Supplies ;
Nor shall our Graces sink to Death
Till our Redeemer dies,

Daily our mortal Flesh decays,
But *Christ* our Life shall come ;
His unresisted Power shall raise
Our Bodies from the Tomb.

VI. *The Memorial of our absent Lord*

John 16. 16. Luke 22. 19.

14. 3.

- 1 **J**esus is gone above the Skies
Where our weak Senses reach him
And carnal Objects court our Eyes
To thrust our Saviour from our Thoughts
- 2 He knows what wandering Hearts we
Apt to forget his lovely Face ;
And to refresh our Minds he gave
These kind Memorials of his Grace.
- 3 The Lord of Life this Table spread
With his own Flesh and dying Blood ;
We on the rich Provision feed,
And tast the Wine, and bless the God,
- 4 Let sinful Sweets be all forgot,
And Earth grow less in our Esteem ;
Christ and his Love fill every Thought,
And Faith and Hope be fix'd on him.
- 5 While he is absent from our Sight
'Tis to prepare our Souls a Place,
That we may dwell in Heav'nly Light,
And live for ever near his Face.
- 6 Our Eyes look upwards to the Hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come,
We wait thy Chariots and thy Wheels
To fetch our longing Spirits home.

I. *Crucifixion to the World by the
Cross of Christ; Gal. 6. 14.*

When I survey the wondrous Cross
Where the young Prince of Glory
(dy'd,

My richest Gain I count but Loss,
And pour Contempt on all my Pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the Death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his Blood.

See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down;
Did e're such Love and Sorrow meet?
Or Thorns compose so rich a Crown?

His dying Crimson like a Robe
Spreads o'er his Body on the Tree,
Then am I dead to all the Globe,
And all the Globe is dead to me.

Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
That were a Present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

VIII. *The Tree of Life.*

Come let us join a joyful Tune
To our exalted Lord,

Ye

Ye Saints on high around his Throne,
And we around his Board,

2 While once upon this lower Ground
Weary and faint ye stood,
What dear Refreshments here ye found
From this immortal Food?

3 The Tree of Life that near the Throne
In Heavens high Garden grows
Laden with Grace bends gently down
Its ever-smiling Boughs.

4 Hovering amongst the Leaves there stand
The sweet Celestial Dove;
And Jesus on the Branches hangs
The Banner of his Love.

5 'Tis a young Heaven of strange Delight
While in his Shade we sit;
His Fruit is pleasing to the Sight,
And to the Taste as sweet.

6 New Life it spreads thro' dying Hearts,
And cheers the drooping Mind,
Vigor and Joy the Juice imparts
Without a Sting behind.

7 Now let the flaming Weapon stand,
And guard all Eden's Trees;
There's ne'er a Plant in all that Land
That bears such Fruits as these.

8 Infinite Grace our Souls adore,
Whose wondrous Hand has made
This living Branch of Sovereign Power
To raise and heal the Dead.

*The Spirit, the Water and the
Blood, 1 John 5. 6.*

LET all our Tongues be one
To praise our God on high,
Who from his Bosom sent his Son
To fetch us Strangers nigh.

Nor let our Voices cease
To sing the Saviour's Name;
Th' Ambassador of Peace
How cheerfully he came!

It cost him Cries and Tears
To bring us near to God;
That was our Debt, and he appears
To make the Payment good.

My Saviour's pierced Side,
Pour'd out a double Flood;
Water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the Blood.

Infinite was our Guilt,
But he our Priest atones:
The cold Ground his Life was spilt,
And offer'd with his Groans.

Look up my Soul to him
Whose Death was thy Desert,
And humbly view the living Stream
Flow from his breaking Heart.

There on the cursed Tree
In dying Pangs he lies,

Ful-

Fulfills his Father's great Decree,
And all our Wants supplies.

8 Thus the Redeemer came
By Water and by Blood ;
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his Witness good.

9 While the Eternal Three
Bear their Record above,
Here I believe he dy'd for me,
And seal my Saviour's Love.

10 Lord cleanse my Soul from Sin,
Nor let thy Grace depart ;
Great Comforter, abide within,
And witness to my Heart.

X. *Christ crucify'd the Wisdom and
Power of God.*

1 **N**ature with open Volume stands
To spread her Maker's Praise abroad
And every Labour of his Hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But in the Grace that rescu'd Man
His brightest Form of Glory shines ;
Here on the Cross 'tis fairest drawn
In precious Blood and crimson Lines.

3 Here his whole Name appears complete,
Nor Wit can guess, nor Reason prove
Which of the Letters best is writ,
The Power, the Wisdom, or the Love.

Here I behold his inmost Heart
 Where Grace and Vengeance strangely
 Piercing his Son with sharpest Smart
 To make the purchas'd Pleasures mine.

O the sweet Wonders of that Cross
 Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
 Her noblest Life my Spirit draws
 From his dear Wounds and bleeding Side.

I would for ever speak his Name
 In Sounds to mortal Ears unknown,
 With Angels join to praise the Lamb,
 And worship at his Father's Throne.

XI. Pardon brought to our Senses.

[Ord, how Divine thy Comforts are!
 How heavenly is the Place
 Where *Jesus* spreads the sacred Feast
 Of his redeeming Grace!

There the rich Bounties of our God
 And sweetest Glories shine,
 There *Jesus* says that I am his,
 And my Beloved's mine.

"Here, (says the kind redeeming Lord,
 And shows his wounded Side)

"See here the Spring of all your Joys,
 "That open'd when I dy'd.

He smiles and shows his gushing Blood,
 And tells of all his Pain,

- " All this, says he, I bore for thee,
And then he smiles again.
- 5 What shall we pay our heavenly King
For Grace so vast as this?
He brings our Pardon to our Eyes,
And seals it with a Kiss.
- 6 Let such amazing Loves as these
Be founded all abroad,
Such Favours are beyond Degrees,
And worthy of a God.
- 7 To him that wash'd us in his Blood
Be everlasting Praise,
Salvation, Honour, Glory, Power,
To all Eternal Days.

**XII. The Gospel-Feast ; Luke 14
16, &c.**

- 1 **H**OW rich are thy Provisions, Lord,
Thy Table furnish'd from above,
The Fruits of Life o'er-spread the Board
The Cup o'er-flows with heavenly Love.
- 2 Thine ancient Family the *Jews*
Were first invited to the Feast,
We humbly take what they refuse,
And *Gentiles* thy Salvation tast.
- 3 We are the Poor, the Blind, the Lame,
And Help was far, and Death was nigh,
But at the Gospel-Call we came,
And every Want receiv'd Supply.

From the High-way that leads to Hell,
 From Paths of Darknes and Despair,
 Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
 Glad to enjoy thy Presence here.

What shall we pay th' Eternal Son
 That left the Heaven of his Abode,
 And to this wretched Earth came down
 To bring us Wand'ers back to God.

It cost him Death to save our Lives,
 To buy our Souls it cost his own,
 And all the unknown Joys he gives
 Were bought with Agonies unknown.

Our everlasting Love is due
 To him that ransom'd Sinners lost,
 And pity'd Rebels, when he knew
 The vast Expense his Love would cost.

*XIII. Divine Love making a Feast,
 and calling in the Guests, Luke
 14. 17, 22, 23.*

HOW sweet and awful is the Place
 With Christ within the Doors,
 While everlasting Love displays
 The choicest of her Stores.

Here every Bowel of our God
 With soft Compassion rolls,
 Here Peace and Pardon bought with Blood
 Is Food for dying Souls.

While all our Hearts and all our Songs
 Join to admire the Feast,

Each of us cry with thankful Tongues,
 "Lord, why was I a Guest?

4 "Why was I made to hear thy Voice,
 "And enter while there's Room?

"When thousands make a wretched choice
 "And rather starve than come.

5 'Twas the same Love that spread the Feast,
 That sweetly forc'd us in,
 Else we had still refus'd to taste,
 And perish'd in our Sin.

6 Pity the Nations, O our God,
 Constrain the Earth to come;
 Send thy victorious Word abroad,
 And bring the Strangers home.

7 We long to see thy Churches' full,
 That all the chosen Race
 May with one Voice and Heart and Soul
 Sing thy redeeming Grace.

XIV. *The Song of Simeon; Luke 2*
 28. *Or, A Sight of Christ makes*
Death easy.

1 **N**OW have our Hearts embrac'd our God,
 We would forget all earthly Charms
 And wish to die as *Simeon* wou'd
 With his young Saviour in his Arms.

2 Our Lips should learn that joyful Song,
 Were but our Hearts prepar'd like his,
 Our Souls still willing to be gone,
 And at thy Word depart in Peace.

Here we have seen thy Face, O Lord,
And view'd Salvation with our Eyes,
Tasted and felt the living Word,
The Bread descending from the Skies.

Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb,
Hast set his Blood before our Face,
To teach the Terrors of thy Name,
And show the Wonders of thy Grace.

He is our Light, our Morning Star
Shall shine on Nations yet unknown:
The Glory of thine *Israel* here,
And Joy of Spirits near the Throne.

XV. *Our Lord Jesus at his own
Table.*

THE Memory of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful Tongue:
How rich he spread his Royal Board,
And blest the Food, and sung.

Happy the Men that eat this Bread,
But double-blest was he
That gently bow'd his loving Head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.

By Faith the same Delights we tast
As that great Favourite did,
And sit and lean on *Jesus* Breast,
And take the heavenly Bread.

Down from the Palace of the Skies
Hither the King descends,

"Come, my Beloved, Eat, (he cries)
 "And drink Salvation, Friends.

- 5 "My Flesh is Food and Physick too,
 "A Balm for all your Pains,
 "And the red Streams of Pardon flow
 "From these my pierced Veins.

- 6 *Hosanna* to our bounteous Lord
 For such a Taft below !
 And yet he spreads his higher Board
 With nobler Dainties too.

- 7 Come the dear Day, the glorious Hour
 That mounts our Souls to Rest !
 Then we shall need these Types no more,
 But dwell at th' heavenly Feast.

XVI. *The Agonies of Christ.*

- 1 **N**OW let our Pains be all forgot,
 Our Hearts no more repine,
 Our Sufferings are not worth a Thought
 When, Lord, compar'd with thine.
- 2 In lively Figures here we see
 The bleeding Prince of Love ;
 Each of us hope, he dy'd for me,
 And then our Griefs remove.
- 3 Our humble Faith here takes her Rise
 While sitting round his Board ;
 And back to *Calvary* she flies
 To view her groaning Lord.
- 4 His Soul what Agonies it felt
 When his own God withdrew !

And the large Load of all our Guilt
Lay heavy on him too.

But the Divinity within
Supported him to bear :
Dying, he conquer'd Hell and Sin,
And made his Triumph there.

Grace, Wisdom, Justice joyn'd and wrought
The Wonders of that Day :
No Mortal Tongue, nor Mortal Thought
Can equal Thanks repay.

Our Hymns should sound like those above
Could we our Voices raise ;
Yet, Lord, Our Hearts shall all be Love,
And all our Lives be Praise.

**XVII. *Incomparable Food : or, The
Flesh and Blood of Christ.***

1 **W**E sing th' amazing Deeds
That Grace Divine performs :
Th' Eternal God comes down and bleeds
To nourish dying Worms.

2 This Soul-reviving Wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy Blood ;
We thank that Sacred Flesh of thine
For this Immortal Food.

3 The Banquet that we eat
Is made of Heav'nly things,
Earth hath no Dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.

4 In vain had *Adam* sought
And search'd his Garden round,
For there was no such blessed Fruit
In all the happy Ground.

5 Th' Angelic Host above,
Can never tast this Food,
They feast upon their Maker's Love,
But not a Saviour's Blood.

6 On us th' Almighty Lord
Bestows this matchless Grace,
And meets us smiling at his Board
With Pleasure in his Face.

7 Come, all ye drooping Saints,
And banquet with the King,
This Wine will drown your sad Complaints
And tune your Voice to sing.

8 Salvation to the Name
Of our adored Christ:
Thro' the wide Earth his Grace proclaim,
His Glory in the High'st.

XVIII. *The Same.*

1 *J*esus, we bow before thy Feet,
And praise the Blessings of thy Board,
Thy Sacred Flesh our Souls have eat,
'Tis living Bread; we thank thee, Lord!

2 And here we drink our Saviour's Blood,
We thank thee, Lord, 'tis generous Wine;
Mingled with Love the Fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding Heart of thine.

3 On

On Earth is no such Sweetness found,
For the Lamb's Flesh is heav'nly Food;
In vain we search the Globe around
For Bread so fine or Wine so good.

Carnal Provisions can at best
But cheer the Heart or warm the Head;
But the rich Cordial that we tast
Gives Life Eternal to the Dead.

Joy to the Master of the Feast,
His Name for ever be ador'd:
To God the King and God the Priest
A loud *Hosanna* round the board.

XIX. *Glory in the Cross: or, not
asham'd of Christ Crucify'd.*

AT thy Command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying Feast,
Thy Blood like Wine adorns thy Board,
And thine own Flesh feeds every Guest.

Our Faith adores thy bleeding Love,
And trusts for Life in one that dy'd,
We hope for heav'nly Crowns above
From a Redeemer Crucify'd.

Let the vain World pronounce it shame,
And hing their Scandals on thy Cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's Name,
And make our Triumphs in his Cross.

With Joy we tell the scoffing Age
He that was dead has left his Tomb,

He lives above their utmost Rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

**XX. The Provisions for the Table
our Lord: Or, The Tree of Life
and River of Love.**

- 1 **L**ord, we adore thy bounteous Hand,
And sing the Solemn Feast
Where sweet Celestial Dainties stand
For every willing Guest.
- 2 The Tree of Life adorns the Board
With its immortal Fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming Sword
To guard the Passage to't.
- 3 The Cup stands crown'd with living Juice,
The Fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming for our Use
In Rivulets of Love.
- 4 The Food's prepar'd by Heavenly Art,
The Pleasures well refin'd,
They spread new Life thro' every Heart,
And cheer the drooping Mind.
- 5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's Love
Ye Saints that tast his Wine,
Join with your Brother-Saints above,
In loud *Hosanna's* join.
- 6 A thousand Glories to the God
That gives such Joys as this,
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
And reach where *Jesus* is.

XXI. *The Triumphal Feast for Christ's
Victory over Sin, and Death, and
Hell.*

COME let us lift our Voices high,
High as our Joys arise,
And join the Worship of the Sky
Where Pleasure never dies.

Jesus, the God that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell,
That rose, and at his Chariot-wheels
Drag'd all the Powers of Hell.

Jesus the God invites us here
To his triumphal Feast,
And brings immortal Blessings down
For each redeemed Guest.

The Lord ! how glorious is his Face !
How kind his Smiles appear !
And O what melting Words he says
To every humble Ear !

" For you, the Children of my Love,
" It was for you I dy'd,
" Behold my Hands, behold my Feet,
" And look into my Side.

" These are the Wounds for you I bore,
" The Tokens of my Pains
" When I came down to free your Souls
" From Misery and Chains.

" Justice unsheath'd its fiery Sword,
" And plung'd it in my Heart,

" In-

- "Infinite Pangs for you I bore,
 "And most tormenting Smart.
 8 "When Hell and all its spiteful Powers
 "Stood dreadful in my Way,
 "To rescue those dear Lives of yours
 "I gave my own away.
 9 "But while I bled, and groan'd and dy'd,
 "I ruin'd Satan's Throne,
 "High on my Cross I hung, and spy'd
 "The Monster tumbling down.
 10 "Now you must triumph at my Feast,
 "And tast my Flesh, my Blood;
 "And live eternal Ages blest,
 "For 'tis immortal Food.
 11 Victorious God! what can we pay
 For Favours so divine?
 We would devote our Hearts away
 To be for ever thine.
 12 We give thee, Lord, our highest Praise,
 The Tribute of our Tongues;
 But Themes so infinite as these
 Exceed our noblest Songs.

XXII. *The Compassion of a dying Christ.*

- 1 **O**ur Spirits join t' adore the Lamb;
 O that our feeble Lips could move
 In Strains immortal as his Name,
 And melting as his dying Love.

Was ever equal Pity found?
The Prince of Heaven resigns his Breath;
And pours his Life out on the Ground
To ransom guilty Worms from Death.

Rebels, we broke our Maker's Laws;
He from the Threatning set us free,
Bore the full Vengeance on his Cross,
And nail'd the Curses to the Tree.

The Law proclaims no Terror now,
And Sinai's Thunder roars no more;
From all his Wounds new Blessings flow,
A Sea of Joy without a Shore.

Here we have wash'd our deepest Stains,
And heal'd our Wounds with heavenly
(Blood:
Blest Fountain! springing from the Veins
Of Jesus our incarnate God.

In vain our mortal Voices strive
To speak Compassion so Divine;
Had we a Thousand Lives to give,
A thousand Lives should all be thine.

I Cannot perswade my self to put a full Period to
these Divine Hymns, till I have address'd a
special Song of Glory unto God the Father, the
Son, and the holy Spirit. Tho the Latin Name
of it, Gloria Patri, be retain'd in our Nation
from the Roman Church; and tho there may be
some Excesses of superstitious Honour paid to the
Words of it, yet I believe it still to be one of the
noblest

noblest Parts of Christian Worship. The Subject of it is the Doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar Glory of the Divine Nature, that Our Lord Jesus Christ has so clearly revealed unto Men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The Action is Praise, which is the most compleat and exalted part of heavenly Worship. I have cast the Song into a Variety of Forms, and have fitted it by a plain Version or a larger Paraphrase, to be sung either alone or at the Conclusion of another Hymn.

A Song of Praise to the ever blessed Trinity, God the Father, Son and Spirit.

1st. Long Metre.

- 1 **B**lest be the Father and his Love,
To whose Celestial Source we owe
Rivers of endless Joy above,
And Rills of Comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to Thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded Body rolls
A precious Stream of vital Blood,
Pardon and Life for dying Souls.
- 3 We give the sacred Spirit Praise,
Who in our Hearts of Sin and Woe
Makes living Springs of Grace arise,
And into boundless Glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore,

That

That Sea of Life and Love unknown
Without a Bottom or a Shore?

1st Common Metre.

GLORY to God the Father's Name,
Who from our sinful Race
Chose out his Fav'rites to proclaim
The Honours of his Grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble Clay,
And to redeem us from the Dead
Gave his own Life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose Almighty Power
Our Souls their heavenly Birth derive,
And bless the happy Hour.

4 Glory to God that reigns above
Th' eternal Three and One,
Who by the Wonders of his Love
Has made his Nature known.

1st Short Metre.

1 **L**ET God the Father live
For ever on our Tongues;
Sinners from his first Love derive
The Ground of all their Songs.

2 Ye Saints, imploy your Breath
In Honour to the Son,
Who bought your Souls from Hell and Death
By offering up his own.

3 Give

3 Give to the Spirit Praise
Of an immortal Strain,
Whose Light and Power and Grace convey
Salvation down to Men.

4 While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd Sin,
O may the Blood and Water bear
The same Record within.

5 To the great One and Three
That seal this Grace in Heav'n,
The Father, Son and Spirit be
Eternal Glory giv'n.

2d Long Metre.

1 **G**Lory to God the Trinity
Whose Name has Mysteries unknown;
In Essence One, in Person Three;
A social Nature, yet alone.

2 When all our noblest Powers are join'd
The Honours of thy Name to raise,
Thy Glories over-match our Mind,
And Angels faint beneath the Praise.

2d Common Metre.

1 **T**He God of Mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our Souls from Death,
Who saves by his Redeeming Word,
And new-creating Breath.

2 To praise the Father and the Son
And Spirit all-Divine,

The

The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let Saints and Angels join.

2d Short Metre.

1 **L**et God the Maker's Name
Have Honour, Love and Fear,
To God the Saviour pay the same,
And God the Comforter.

2 Father of Lights above,
Thy Mercy we adore,
The Son of thy eternal Love,
And Spirit of thy Power.

3d Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be Honour, Praise and Glory giv'n
By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n.

Or thus,

All Glory to thy wondrous Name,
Father of Mercy, God of Love,
Thus we exalt the Lord the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heav'nly Dove.

3d Common Metre.

Now let the Father and the Son
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are Works to make him known;
Or Saints to love the Lord. *Or*

Or thus,

Honour to thee, Almighty Three,
And Everlasting One ;
All Glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son.

3d Short Metre.

YE Angels round the Throne,
And Saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

Or thus,

Give to the Father Praise,
Give Glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his Grace,
Be equal Honour done.

The End.

A

T A B L E

To find any Hymn by the Title
or Contents of it.

*Note, The first Figure directs to the Book,
The rest to the Hymn. And if you
find not what Hymn you seek under one
Word of the Title, seek it in another, or
in some Word that is of the same Sig-
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Short Essay

Toward the Improvement of Psalmody: Or, An Enquiry how the Psalms of *David* ought to be translated into Christian Songs, and how lawful and necessary it is to compose other Hymns according to the clearer Revelations of the Gospel, for the Use of the Christian Church.

TO speak the Glories of God in a religious Song, or to breath out the Joys of our own Spirits to God with the Melody of our Voice is an exalted Part of Divine Worship. But so many are the Imperfections in the Practice of this Duty, that the greatest Part of Christians find but little Edification or Comfort in it. There are some Churches that utterly disallow Singing; and I'm perswaded, that the poor Performance of it in the best Societies,

ties, with the mistaken Rules to which it is confined is one great Reason of their intire Neglect; for we are left at a loss (say they) what is the Matter and Manner of this Duty; and therefore they utterly refuse: Whereas if this glorious Piece of Worship were but seen in its Original Beauty, and one that believes not this Ordinance, or is unlearned in this Part of Christianity should come into such an Assembly, he would be convinced of all, he would be judged of all, he would fall down on his Face, and report that God was in the midst of it of a Truth; 1 Cor. 14. 24, 25.

In order to trace out the Matter or Subject of religious Singing, let us collect into one View the chief Texts of the New Testament where this Worship is mention'd, and afterwards see what Arguments may be deduced from thence, to prove, that 'tis proper to use Spiritual Songs of humane Composition, as well as the Psalms of David or the Words of other Songs recorded in Scripture.

The most considerable Texts are these;

Mat. 26. 30. & Mark 14. 26. relate, that our blessed Lord and his Disciples sung an Hymn. *Acts 16. 25.* Paul and Silas prayed and sung Praises unto God. *1 Cor. 14. 15.* I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the Understanding also. *Ver. 26.* Every one of you hath a Psalm. *Eph. 5. 19, 20.* Speaking to your selves in Psalms and Hymns, and spiritual Songs; singing and making Melody in your Hearts to the Lord, giving Thanks always for all things to God and the Father, in the Name

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of our Lord Jesus Christ. Col. 3. 16, 17. Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all Wisdom teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns, and spiritual Songs; singing with Grace in your Hearts to the Lord: And whatsoever ye do in Word or in Deed, do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus, giving Thanks to God and the Father by him. Jam. 5. 13. Is any among you afflicted, let him pray: Is any merry, let him sing Psalms. Rev. 5. 9. And they sing a new Song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the Book and to open the Seals thereof, for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy Blood. Rev. 14. 3. And they sung as it were a new Song before the Throne. Rev. 15. 3. And they sing the Song of Moses, the Servant of God, and the Song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are thy Works, &c. To all these I might add Acts 4. 24, &c. Where it is suppos'd the Disciples met together and sung; for they lift up their Voice to God with one accord, and said, Lord! thou art our God, which hast made Heaven and Earth, and the Sea, and all that in them is: Who by the Mouth of thy Servant David hast said, Why did the Heathen rage, and the People imagine a vain thing. The Kings of the Earth stood up, and the Rulers were gathered together against the Lord, and against his Christ. For of a Truth, against thy holy Child Jesus whom thou hast anointed, both Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles and the People of Israel, were gathered together for to do whatsoever thy Hand and thy Counsel determined before to be done, &c. If

If we turn over the New Testament, and search out all the Songs that are there written, we shall find the Matter or Subject of them as various as the Occasions upon which they were sung or spoken: Such are the Song of the Virgin *Mary*, Luke 1. 46, &c. The Song of *Zecharias*, ver. 67. The Song of the Angels, Luke 2. 13. And of *Simeon*, ver. 29. Besides many others in the Book of the *Revelations*. The three chief Words used to express the Matter of Singing, are $\Psiαλμοί$, $ὕμνοι$, καὶ ᾠδαί: *Psalms*, *Hymns* and *Songs*, as the three Verbs from which these are derived are generally used to express the Act of Singing, $\Psiάλλω$, $ὕμνῶ$, καὶ ᾄδω. Now if it were lawful after so many learned Contentions about these Words, I would give my Sense of them thus.

1. I think no Man hath better explain'd the original Meaning of these Words than *Zanchy*. A Psalm, $\Psiαλμός$, is such a Song as usually is sung with other Instruments besides the Tongue. Hymns, $ὕμνοι$, such as are made only to express the Praises, and set out the Excellencies of God. Songs, $ᾠδαί$, such as contain not only Praises, but Exhortations, Prophecies, Thanksgivings; and these only sung with the Voice.

2. The Scripture doth not always confine it self to the original Meaning of all these Words; for $\Psiαλμός$ a Psalm, and the Word $\Psiάλλω$, are used, 1 Cor. 14. and in other Places of the New Testament, where we can never suppose the primitive Church in those

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Days had Instruments of Music. And the Word *ὦδὴ* a Song, is used several times in the Book of *Revelations*, where Harps are join'd with Voices in the Emblematical Prophecy.

3. The Sense therefore of these Words in the New Testament seems to be thus distinguish'd.

A Psalm is a general Name for any thing that is sung in Divine Worship, whatsoever be the particular Theme or Matter; and the Verb *ψάλλω* is design'd to express the Melody it self rather than to distinguish the Matter of the Song, or Manner whereby the Melody or Music is performed; and therefore in *Eph. 5. 19.* our Translators have well rendred *ᾄδοντες καὶ ψάλλοντες*, *Singing and making Melody*; and it should be thus rendred, *Jam. 5. 13. Is any merry, let him make Melody.* I confess in the New Testament the Noun *ψαλμοὶ* refers generally to the Book of Psalms, and without Doubt there are many of the Psalms of *David* and *Asaph*, and other Songs among the Books of the Old Testament which may be prudently chosen and sung by Christians, and may be well accomodated to the Lips and Hearts of the Church under the Gospel. Yet this Word is once used in another Sense, as I shall show afterwards.

An Hymn, whether imply'd in the Verb *ὑμνεῖν*, or express'd in the Noun *ὑμνος*, doth always retain its original Signification, and intend a Song whose Matter or Design is Praise: Nor is there any thing in the Nature or Use of the Word either in Scripture or other

other Authors, that determines it to signify an immediate Inspiration, or humane Composition.

A Song, *ᾠδή*, denotes any Theme or Subject compos'd into a Form fit for Singing, and seems to intend somewhat suited to the Gospel-State, rather than any Jewish Psalms or Songs in all the five Verses in the New Testament where it is used.

Eph. 5. 19. & Col. 3. 16. 'Tis join'd with the word *Spiritual*; and that seems to be used by the Apostle in all his Epistles, as a very distinguishing Word between the Law and Gospel, the Jewish and the Christian Worship. The Jews had *carnal Ordinances*, and *carnal Commandments*, and their State and Dispensation is often called *Flesh*, but the Church under the Gospel is a *spiritual House*, *blessed with spiritual Blessings*, endow'd with *spiritual Gifts*, to worship God in Spirit and in Truth, to offer *spiritual Sacrifices*, and to sing *spiritual Songs*.

Col. 3. 16. Confirms this Sense, for the *Word of Christ* must dwell richly in us in *Psalms and Hymns*, and *spiritual Songs*. Now tho the Books of the Old Testament may in some Sense be called the *Word of Christ*, because the same Spirit which was afterwards given to *Christ* the Mediator did inspire them; yet this seems to have a peculiar reference to the Doctrine and Discoveries of *Christ* under the Gospel, which might be compos'd into spiritual Songs for the greater Ease of Memory in learning, teaching and admonishing one another.

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Rev. 5. 9. & 14. 3. There is mention of a *New Song*, and that is pure Evangelical Language, suited to the *New Testament*, the *New Covenant*, the *new and living Way* of Access to God, and to the *new Commandment* of him who sits upon the *Throne*, and behold, he makes all things new. The Words of this Song are, *Worthy is the Lamb, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy Blood, &c. and none could learn it but those who follow the Lamb, who were redeemed from among Men, &c.* And it must be noted here, that this Book of the *Revelations* describes the Worship of the Gospel-Church on Earth, as is agreed by all Interpreters, tho it borrows some of its Emblems from the Things of Heaven, and some from the Jewish State. I might here remark also, that when a *new Song* is mention'd in the Old Testament, it refers to the Times of the *Messiah*, and is prophetical of the Kingdom of *Christ*, or at least it is a Song indited upon a new Occasion publick or personal, and the Words of it are accommodated to some new Tokens of Divine Mercy.

Rev. 15. 3. *They sing the Song of Moses the Servant of God, and the Song of the Lamb;* that is, a Song for temporal and for spiritual Deliverances; or, a Song for all antient or all later Salvations of the Church. As *Moses* was a Redeemer from the House of Bondage, and a Teacher of Divine Worship with Harps and Ceremonies; so the Lamb is a Redeemer from *Babylon* and spiritual Slavery, and he

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is the great Prophet to teach his Church the spiritual Worship of the Gospel. The Church now under the Salvations and Instructions of the Lamb, sings with the Voice to the Glory of the Vengeance and the Grace of God, as *Israel* under the Conduct of *Moses* sung with Harps; for we must observe, that these Visions of the Apostle *John* often represent Divine Things in a Gospel-Church, in Imitation of the Ranks and Orders of the *Jewish* Camp and Tribes, and by the Rites and Figures used in the time of *Moses*; and it would be as unreasonable to prove from this Text, that we must sing the very words of the 15th of *Exodus* in a Christian Church, as to prove from this Book of the *Revelations* that we must use Harps and Altars, Censers, Fire and Incense. But 'tis plain that the 15th of *Exodus* cannot be here intended, because the Words of the Song are mention'd just after, (*viz.*) *Great and marvellous are thy Works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy Ways, thou King of Saints.* Yet after all, if it could be proved, that the very Song which *Moses* sung is here design'd, still it must be confest that the Song of the Lamb is also to be sung; and if the following Words in this Text are not to be esteem'd the Song of *Moses*, then neither are they to be esteem'd the Song of the Lamb; because there is not any express mention of the Lamb, or his Death, or Resurrection, or Redemption; nor is there any other Song in Scripture that bears that Title, and consequently it must signifie a Song com-

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pos'd to the Praise of God for our Deliverance by the Lamb, in Imitation of the Song compos'd for Deliverance by the Hand of *Moses*: And thus at least we are to suit Part of our Psalmody to the Gospel-State, as well as borrow Part from the Old Testament, which is the chief Point I designed to prove.

The next Inquiry then proceeds thus: how must the Psalms of *David* and other Songs borrow'd from Scripture, be translated in order to be sung in Christian Worship? Surely it will be granted, that to prepare them for Psalmody under the Gospel requires another sort of Management in the Translation, than to prepare them meerly for reading as the Word of God in our Language, and that upon these two Accounts.

First, If it be the Duty of the Churches to sing Psalms, they must necessarily be turn'd into such a sort of Verse and Metre as will best fit them for the whole Church to join in the Worship: Now this will be very different from a Translation of the Original Language word for word; for the Lines must be confin'd to a certain Number of Syllables, and the Stanza or Verse to a certain Number of Lines, that so the Tune being short the People may be acquainted with it, and be ready to sing without much Difficulty; whereas if the Words were meerly translated out of the Hebrew as they are for reading, every Psalm must be set thro' to Music, and every Syllable in it must have a particular musical Note belonging to it self, as in Anthems

them that are sung in Cathedrals: But this would be so exceeding difficult to practise, that it would utterly exclude the greatest part of every Congregation from a Capacity of obeying God's Command to sing. Now, in reducing a *Hebrew* or a *Greek* Song to a Form tolerably fit to be sung by an *English* Congregation, here and there a Word of the Original must be omitted, now and then a Word or two superadded, and frequently a Sentence or an Expression a little alter'd and chang'd into another that is something a-kin to it: And yet greater Alterations must the Psalm suffer if we will have any thing to do with Rhime; those that have labour'd with utmost Toil to keep very close to the Hebrew have found it impossible; and when they have attain'd it most, have made but very poor Music for a Christian Church. For it will often happen, that one of the most affectionate and most spiritual Words in the Prose will not submit to its due Place in the Metre, or does not end with a proper Sound, and then it must be seclused, and another of less proper Sense be put in the Room of it: Hereby some of the chief Beauties and Excellencies of *David's* Poetry will be omitted and lost, which if not reviv'd again, or recompenc'd by some lively or pathetic Expression in the *English*, will necessarily debase the Divine Song into Dullness and Contempt: And hereby also it becomes so far different from the inspired Words in the Original Languages, that it is very hard for any Man to say,

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that the Version of *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, the *New-England* or the *Scots* Psalms, are in a strict Sense the Word of God. Those Persons therefore that will allow nothing to be sung but the Words of Inspiration or Scripture ought to learn the Hebrew Music, and sing in the Jewish Language; or at least I can find no Congregation with which they can heartily join according to their own Principles, but the Congregation of *Choristers* in Cathedral Churches, who are the only *Levites* that sing Praise unto the Lord with the Words of David and Asaph the Seer, 2 Chron. 29. 30.

Secondly, Another Reason why the Psalms ought not to be translated for Singing just in the same manner as they are for Reading, is this, that the Design of these two Duties is very different: By Reading we learn what God speaks to us in his Word; but when we sing, especially unto God, our chief Design is, or should be, to speak our own Hearts and our Words to God. By Reading we are instructed what have been the Dealings of God with Men in all Ages, and how their Hearts have been exercis'd in their Wandrings from God, and Temptations, or in their Returns and Breathings towards God again; but Songs are generally Expressions of our own Experiences, or of his Glories; we acquaint him what Sense we have of his Greatness and Goodness, and that chiefly in those Instances which have some Relation to us: We breath out our Souls towards him, and make our

Addressees of Praise and Acknowledgment to him. Tho I will not assert it unlawful to sing to God the Words of other Men which we have no Concern in, and which are very contrary to our Circumstances and the Frame of our Spirits; yet it must be confest abundantly more proper, when we address God in a Song, to use such Words as we can for the most part assume as our own: I own that 'tis not always necessary our Songs should be direct Addresses to God; some of them may be mere Meditations of the History of Divine Providences, or the Experiences of former Saints; but even then if those Providences or Experiences cannot be assum'd by us as parallel to our own, nor spoken in our own Names, yet still there ought to be some Turns of Expression that may make it look at least like our own present Meditation, and that may represent it as a History which we our selves are at that time recollecting. I know not one Instance in Scripture, of any later Saint singing any part of a Composure of former Ages, that is not proper for his own Time, without some Expressions that tend to accommodate or apply it. But there are a multitude of Examples amongst all the scriptural Songs, that introduce the Affairs of preceding Ages in the Method I have described. *Psal. 44. 1, &c.* When *David* is recounting the Wonders of God in planting the Children of *Israel* in the Land of *Canaan*, he begins his Song thus, *We have heard with our Ears, O God, our Fathers have told us*
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what Works thou didst in their Days, in times of old, how thou didst drive out the Heathen with thy Hand, and plantedst them, how thou didst afflict the People, and cast them out. Psal. 78. 2, &c. I will open my Mouth in a Parable, I will utter dark Sayings of old which we have heard and known, and our Fathers have told us; we will not hide them from their Children, shewing to the Generation to come the Praises of the Lord. So he relates the Converse and Covenant of God with Abraham, Isaac and Israel, as a Narration of former Providences and Experiences, Psal. 105. 8, 9, 10, &c. So in the Virgin Mary's Song, and the Song of Zechariah. And I know not any thing can be objected here, but that a Prophet perhaps in some Instances may assume the Words of Christ or the Saints in following Ages; but it should be observed that this is almost always in such Respects wherein Persons or Circumstances present were typical of what is future, and so their Cases become parallel.

By these Considerations we are easily led into the true Method of translating ancient Songs into Christian Worship. Psalms that are purely Doctrinal, or meerly Historical, are Subjects for our Meditation, and may be translated for our present Use with no Variation, if it were possible; and in general, all those Songs of Scripture which the Saints of following Ages may assume for their own: Such are the 1st, the 8th, the 19th, and many others. Some Psalms may be apply'd to our Use by the Alteration of a Pronoun, put-

ting *They* in the place of *We*, and changing some Expressions which are not suited to our Case into a Narration or Rehearsal of God's Dealings with others: There are other Divine Songs which cannot properly be accommodated to our Use, and much less be assum'd as our own without very great Alterations, (*viz.*) such as are filled with some very particular Troubles or Enemies of a Person, some Places of Journeying or Residence, some uncommon Circumstances of a Society, to which there is scarce any thing parallel in our Day or Case: Such are many of the Songs of *David*, whose Persecutions and Deliverances were very extraordinary: Again, such as express the Worship paid unto God by carnal Ordinances and Utensils of the Tabernacle and Temple. Now if these be converted into Christian Songs in our Nation, I think the Names of *Ammon* and *Mobab* may be as properly chang'd into the Names of the chief Enemies of the Gospel, so far as may be without publick Offence: *Judah* and *Israel* may be called *England* and *Scotland*, and the Land of *Canaan* may be translated into *Great Britain*; The cloudy and typical Expressions of the legal Dispensation should be turned into Evangelical Language, according to the Explications of the New Testament: And when a Christian Psalmist, among the Characters of a Saint, *Psal.* 15. 5. meets with the Man that puts not out his Money to Usury, he ought to exchange him for an Oppressor or Extortioner, since Usury

ry is not utterly forbidden to Christians, as it was by the Jewish Law; and wheresoever he finds the Person or Offices of our Lord *Jesus Christ* in Prophecy, they ought rather to be translated in a way of History, and those Evangelical Truths should be stript of their Vail of Darkness, and drest in such Expressions that Christ may appear in 'em to all that sing. When he comes to *Psal.* 40. 6. and reads these Words, *Mine Ears hast thou opened*, he should learn from the Apostle to say, *A Body hast thou prepared me*, *Heb.* 10. 5. Instead of *binding the Sacrifice with Cords to the Horns of the Altar*, *Psal.* 118. 27. we should offer up *spiritual Sacrifices* (that is the Prayer and Praise of the Heart and Tongue) *acceptable to God by Jesus Christ*, *1 Pet.* 2. 5. Where there are any dark Expressions, and difficult to be understood in the Hebrew Songs, these should be left out in our Psalmody, or at least made very plain by a Paraphrase. Where there are Sentences, or whole Psalms, that can very difficultly be accommodated to our Times, they may be utterly omitted. Such is *Psal.* 150. part of the 38, 45, 48, 60, 68, 81, 108. and some others, as well as a great part of the Song of *Solomon*.

Perhaps 'twill be objected here, that the Book of Psalms would hereby be rendred very imperfect, and some weak Persons might imagine this Attempt to fall under the Censure of *Rev.* 22. 18, 19. that is, *of taking away from, or adding to the Words of the Book*

of God. But 'tis not difficult to reply that though the whole Book of Psalms was given to be read by us as God's Word for our Use and Instruction, yet it will never follow from thence that the whole was written as a Psalter for the Christian Church to use in Singing. For if this were the Design of it, then every Psalm, and every Line of it might be at one time or another proper to be sung by Christians: But there are many hundred Verses in that Book which a Christian cannot properly assume in singing without a considerable Alteration of the Words, or at least without putting a very different Meaning upon them, from what *David* had when he wrote them; and therefore there is no necessity of translating always intire Psalms, nor of preparing the whole Book for *English* Psalmody. I might here add also Dr. *Patrick's* Apology in his Century of Psalms first publish'd, that he took but the same Liberty which is allow'd to every Parish-Clerk, to chuse what Psalm and what Verses of it he would propose to the People to sing.

Give me leave here to mention several Passages which were hardly made for Christian Lips to assume without some Alteration: *Psal. 68. 13, 14, 15, 16. Tho ye have lain among the Pots, yet shall ye be as the Wings of a Dove cover'd with Silver, and her Feathers with yellow Gold: When the Almighty scatter'd Kings in it, it was white as Snow in Salmon. The Hill of God is as the Hill of Bashan, &c. Why leap ye, ye Hills, &c. ver. 25.*

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The Singers went before, the Players on Instruments followed after, amongst them were the Damsels playing with Timbrels: Bless ye God in the Congregation, even the Lord from the Fountain of Israel: There is little Benjamin with their Ruler, the Princes of Judah and their Council, the Princes of Zebulun, and the Princes of Naphtali. Because of thy Temple at Jerusalem Kings shall bring Presents unto thee. Rebuke the Company of Spearmen, the Multitude of Bulls, with the Calves of the People, till every one submit himself with Pieces of Silver. Psal. 71. 2, 3, &c. Take a Psalm, and bring hither the Timbrel, the pleasant Harp with the Psaltery, blow up the Trumpet in the New Moon, in the Time appointed on our solemn Feast-Day, &c. Psal. 84. 3, 6. The Sparrow hath found an House, and the Swallow a Nest for her self, where she may lay her Young, even thine Altars, O Lord of Hosts, &c. Blessed is the Man whose Strength is in thee, in whose Heart are the Ways of them, who passing thro the Valley of Baca make it a Well, the Rain also filleth the Pools. Psal. 108. 2, 7, 8, 9. Awake Psaltery and Harp, I my self will awake early. God hath spoken in his Holiness; I will rejoyce, I will divide Shechem, and mete out the Vally of Succoth; Gilead is mine, Manasseh is mine, Ephraim also is the Strength of mine Head, Judah is my Lawgiver, Moab is my Washpot, over Edom will I cast out my Shoe, over Philistia will I triumph; Who will bring me into the strong City, who will lead me into Edom. Psal. 69. 8. & 109. are so full of Cur-

sings that they hardly become the Tongue of a Follower of the blessed Jesus, who dying pray'd for his own Enemies; *Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.* Psal. 134. is suited to the Temple or Tabernacle-Worship; the Title is, *A Song of Degrees*, that is, as Interpreters believe, to be sung as the Kings of *Israel* went up by Steps or Degrees to the House of God; In the *two first Verses* the King calls upon the Levites, *which by Night stand in the House of the Lord, to lift up their Hands in the Sanctuary, and to bless the Lord*; the *3d Verse* is an Antiphona or Reply of the Levites to the King; *the Lord that made Heaven and Earth bless thee out of Zion.* 'Twould be endless to give an Account of all the Paragraphs of ancient Songs, which can scarce ever be accommodated to Gospel-Worship.

The Patrons of another Opinion will say we must sing the Words of *David*, and apply them in our Meditation to the things of the New Testament: But can we believe this to be the best Method of worshiping God, to sing one thing and mean another? besides that the very literal Sense of many of these Expressions is exceeding deep and difficult, and not one in twenty of a religious Assembly can possibly understand them at this Distance from the Jewish Days; therefore to keep close to the Language of *David*, we must break the Commands of God by *David*, who requires that we *sing his Praises with Understanding*, Psal. 47. 7. And I am
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perswaded, that St. Paul if he lived in our Age and Nation, would no more advise us to sing unintelligible Sentences in *London*, than himself would sing in an unknown Tongue at *Corinth*, 1 Cor. 14. 15, 19. After all, if the literal Sense were known, yet the Application of many Verses of *David* to our State and Circumstances was never design'd, and is utterly impossible; and even where it is possible, yet 'tis so exceeding difficult that very few Persons in an Assembly are capable of it, and when they attempt it, if their Thoughts should be enquir'd one by one, you would find very various, wretched, and contradictory Meanings put upon the Words of the Hebrew Psalmist, and all for want of an Evangelical Translation of him. 'Tis very obvious and common to observe that Persons of Seriousness and Judgment that consider what they sing, are often forced to break off in the midst, to omit whole Lines and Verses, even where the best of our present Translations are used; and thus the Tune, and the Sense, and their Devotion is interrupted at once, because they dare not sing without understanding, and almost against their Consciences. Whereas the more unthinking Multitude go on singing in chearful Ignorance wheresoever the Clerk guides them, a-cross the River *Jordan*, thro' the Land of *Gebal*, *Ammon* and *Amalek*; He leads 'em into the strong City, he brings them into *Edom*; Anon they follow him thro' the Valley of *Bacha*, till they come up to *Jerusalem*; they wait upon him into the

the Court of Burnt-Offerings, and *bind their Sacrifice with Cords to the Horns of the Altar*; they enter so far into the Temple, till they join their Song in Consort with the *high sounding Cymbals*, their Thoughts are be-darkened with the Smoke of Incense, and cover'd with *Jewish Veils*. Such Expressions as these are the Beauties and Perfections of a *Hebrew* Song, they paint every thing to the Life: Such Language was suited by Infinite Wisdom to raise the Affections of the Saints of that Day: But I fear they do but sink our Devotion, and hurt our Worship.

I esteem the Book of *Psalms* the most valuable Part of the Old Testament upon many Accounts: I advise the Reading and Meditation of it more frequently than any single Book of Scripture; and what I advise I practise. Nothing is more proper to furnish our Souls with devout Thoughts, and lead us into a World of spiritual Experiences: The Expressions of it that are not *Jewish* or peculiar, give us constant Assistance in Prayer and in Praise: But yet if we would prepare *David's* Psalms to be sung by Christian Lips, we should observe these two plain Rules.

First, They ought to be translated in such a Manner as we have reason to believe *David* would have compos'd 'em if he had lived in our Day: And therefore his Poems are given as a Pattern to be imitated in our Compositions, rather than as the precise and invariable Matter of our Psalmody. 'Tis one of the Excellencies of Scripture-Songs, that they
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are exactly suited to the very Purpose and Design for which they were written, and that both in the Matter, in the Stile, and in all their Ornaments : This gives Life and Strength to the Expression, it presents Objects to the Ears and to the Eyes, and touches the Heart in the most affecting Manner. *David's* Language is adapted to his own Devotion, and to the Worship of the *Jewish* Church ; he mentions the very Places of his Journies, or Retirements, of his Sorrows, or his Successes ; He names the Nations that were Enemies of the Church, or that shall be its Friends ; and tho for the most part he leaves the single Persons of his Time nameless in the Body of his Psalm, yet he describes them there with great Particularity, and often names them in the Title. This gives us abundant Ground to infer, that should the *sweet-Singer of Israel* return from the Dead into our Age, he would not sing the Words of his own Psalms without considerable Alteration ; and were he now to transcribe them, he would make them speak the present Circumstances of the Church, and that in the Language of the New Testament : He would see frequent Occasion to insert the Cross of *Christ* in his Song, and often interline the Confessions of his Sins with the Blood of the Lamb ; often would he describe the Glories and the Triumphs of our blessed Lord in long and flowing Verse, even as *St. Paul*, when he mentions the Name and Honours of *Christ* can hardly part his Lips from 'em again :
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His Expressions would run ever bright and clear; such as here and there we find in a single Verse of his old Composures, when he is transported beyond himself, and carried far away from *Jewish* Shadows by the Spirit of Prophecy and the Gospel. We have the more abundant Reason to believe this, if we observe, that all along the sacred History as the Revelations of God and his Grace were made plainer, so the Songs of the Saints express'd that Grace and those Revelations according to the Measure of their Clearness and Increase. Let us begin at the Song of *Moses*, *Exod.* 15. and proceed to *David* and *Solomon*, to the Song of the *Virgin Mary*, of *Zecharias*, *Simeon*, and the *Angels*, the *Hosanna* of the young Children, the Praises paid to God by the Disciples in the *Acts*, the Doxologies of *Paul*, and the Songs of the Christian Church in the Book of the *Revelations*: Every Beam of new Light that broke into the World gave occasion of fresh Joy to the Saints, and they were taught to sing of Salvation in all the Degrees of its advancing Glory.

Secondly, In the Translation of *Jewish* Songs for Gospel-Worship, if Scripture affords us any Example, we should be ready to follow it, and the Management thereof should be a Pattern for us. Now tho the Disciples and primitive Christians had so many and so vast Occasions for Praise, yet I know but two Pieces of Songs they borrow'd from the Book of Psalms. One is mention'd in *Luke* 19. 38.

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Where the Disciples assume a Part of a Verse from the *118th* Psalm, but sing it with Alterations and Additions to the Words of *David*.

The other is the Beginning of the second Psalm, sung by *Peter* and *John* and their Company, *Acts* 4. 23, 24, &c. You find there an Addition of Praise in the Beginning, *Lord thou art God which hast made Heaven and Earth, and the Sea, and all that in them is.* Then there is a Narration of what *David* spoke, *who by the Mouth of thy Servant David hast said, &c.* Next follow the two first Verses of that Psalm, but not in the very Words of the Psalmist: Afterwards an Explication of the *Heathen* and the *People*, (viz.) the *Gentiles* and *Israel*: The *Kings* and the *Rulers*, (viz.) *Herod* and *Pontius Pilate*, and the *Holy Child Jesus*, is God's anointed. Then there is an Enlargement of the Matter of Fact by a Consideration of the Hand of God in it, and the Song concludes with the breathing of their Desires towards God for Mercies most precisely suited to their Day and Duty; and you find when they had sung, they went to Prayer in the Assembly, and then they preached the Word of God by the holy Ghost, and with amazing Success. O may I live to see Psalmody perform'd in these evangelick Beauties of Holiness! May these Ears of mine be entertain'd with such Devotion in Publick, such Prayer, such Preaching, and such Praise! May these Eyes behold such returning Glory in the Churches! Then my Soul shall be all Admiration, my Tongue shall

shall humbly attempt to mingle in the Worship, and assist the Harmony and the Joy.

After we have found the true Method of translating *Jewish* Songs for the Use of the *Christian* Church, let us enquire also how lawful and necessary 'tis to compose Spiritual Songs of a more evangelic Frame for the Use of Divine Worship under the Gospel.

The *First* Argument I shall borrow from all the foregoing Discourse concerning the Translation of the Psalms of *David*: For by that time they are fitted for Christian Psalmody, and have all the Particularities of Circumstance that related to *David's* Person, and Times alter'd and suited to our present Case; and the Language of *Judaism* is chang'd into the Stile of the Gospel; the Form and Composition of the Psalm can hardly be called inspired or Divine: only the Materials or the Sense contain'd therein may in a large Sense be called the Word of God, as it is borrowed from that Word. Why then may it not be esteemed as lawful to take some Divine Sense and Materials agreeable to the Word of God; and suited to the present Case and Experience of Christians, and compose them into a spiritual Song? Especially when we cannot find one ready pen'd in the Bible, whose Subject is near a-kin to our present Condition, or whose Form is adapted to our present Purpose.

The *Second* Argument shall be drawn from the several Ends and Designs of Singing, which can never be sufficiently attain'd by

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confining our selves to *David's* Psalms, or the Words of any Songs in Scripture. The first and chief intent of this part of Worship, is to express unto God what Sense and Apprehensions we have of his Essential Glories; and what notice we take of his Works of Wisdom and Power, Vengeance and Mercy; 'tis to vent the inward Devotion of our Spirits in Words of Melody, to speak our own Experience of divine Things, especially our religious Joy; 'twould be tiresom to recount the endless Instances out of the Book of Psalms and other divine Songs, where this is made the chief Business of them. In the Texts of the New Testament where Singing is requir'd, the same Designs are propos'd; when the *Ephesians* are filled with the Spirit, the Enlightner and Comforter, they are charged to indulge those Divine Sensations, and let them break out into a *Spiritual Song*, Eph. 5. 19. When any is merry or chearful, the Apostle *James* bids him express it by Singing. *Giving Thanks unto God*, is the Command of St. *Paul* to the Saints while he enjoins Psalmody on them; And speaking the Wonders of his Power, Justice and Grace, is the Practice of the Church constantly in the Visions of St. *John*. To teach and admonish one another, is mention'd by St. *Paul* as another Design of Singing; the Improvement of our Meditations, and the kindling Divine Affections within our selves, is one of the Purposes also of religious Melody, if Eph. 5. 19. be rightly translated. Now,
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how is it possible all these Ends should be attain'd by a Christian, if he confines his Meditations, his Joys, and his Praises, to the *Hebrew* Book of Psalms? Have we nothing more of the Nature of God revealed to us than *David* had? Is not the Mystery of the ever-blessed Trinity brought out of Darkness into open Light? Where can you find a Psalm that speaks the Miracles of Wisdom and Power as they are discover'd in a crucify'd *Christ*? And how do we rob God the Son of the Glory of his dying Love, if we speak of it only in the gloomy Language of *Smoke and Sacrifices, Bullocks and Goats, and the Fat of Lambs*? Is not the Ascent of *Christ* into Heaven, and his Triumph over Principalities and Powers of Darkness a nobler Entertainment for our tuneful Meditations, than the removing of the Ark up to the City of *David, to the Hill of God, which is high as the Hill of Bashan*? Is not our Heart often warm'd with holy Delight in the Contemplation of the Son of God our dear Redeemer, whose Love was stronger than Death? Are not our Souls possess'd with a Variety of Divine Affections, when we behold him who is our chief Beloved hanging on the cursed Tree, with the Load of all our Sins upon him, and giving up his Soul to the Sword of Divine Justice in the stead of Rebels and Enemies? And must these Affections be confin'd only to our own Bosoms, or never break forth but in *Jewish* Language, and Words which were not made to express the

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Devotion of the Gospel? The Heaven and the Hell that we are acquainted with by the Discovery of God our Saviour, give us a more distinct Knowledge of the future and eternal State, than all the former Revelations of God to Men: Life and Immortality is brought to light by the Gospel; we are taught to look far into the invisible World, and take a Prospect of the last awful Scene of Things: We see the Graves opening, and the Dead arising at the Voice of the Archangel, and the Sounding of the Trump of God; We behold the Judge on his Tribunal, and we hear the dreadful and the delightful Sentences of Decision that shall pass on all the Sons and Daughters of *Adam*; we are assur'd, that the Saints shall arise to meet the Lord in the Air, and so shall we be for ever with the Lord: The Apostle bids us, *Exhort or comfort one another with these Words*, 1 Thess. 4. 17, 18. Now when the same Apostle requires that the Word of Christ must dwell richly in us in all Wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and spiritual Songs; can we think he restrains us only to the Psalms of David, which speak very little of all these Glories or Terrors, and that in very obscure Terms and dark Hints of Prophecy? Or shall it be suppos'd, that we must admonish one another of the old Jewish Affairs and Ceremonies in Verse, and make Melody with those weak and beggarly Elements, and the Yoke of Bondage, and yet never dare to speak of the Wonders of new Discovery except in the plain and simple Language of Prose? Per-

Perhaps 'twill be replied here, that there are some Scriptural Hymns in the Book of *Revelations* that describe the Affairs of the New Testament, the Death and Kingdom of our *Lord Jesus*, and these are lawful to be sung in a Christian Church; I am glad that our Friends of a different Opinion will submit to sing any thing that belongs to the Gospel; I rejoice that the Bible hath any such Pieces of Christian Psalmody in it, lest every thing that is Evangelical should utterly be excluded from this Worship, by those who will sing nothing but what is inspired; but how seldom are these Gospel-Songs used among our Churches? how little Respect is paid to 'em in comparison of the Jewish Psalms? how little mention would ever be made of them, if it were not to defend the Patrons of Jewish Psalmody from the gross Absurdity of an entire Return to Judaism in this Part of Worship? But give me leave also to add, that these Christian Hymns are but very short, and very few; nor do they contain a hundredth Part of those glorious Revelations that are made to us by *Christ Jesus* and his Apostles; nor can we suppose God excludes all other Parts of the Gospel from Verse and Singing.

Most express Words of Scripture furnish me with a *Third* Argument, *Eph. 5. 19, 20. & Col. 3. 16, 17.* Which are the two chief Commands of the New Testament for Singing; both bid us *make Melody, and give Thanks to God the Father, in the Name of our Lord*

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Lord Jesus Christ. This is one of the Glories of Gospel-Worship, that all must be offer'd to the Father in his Name. So very particular is our *Lord Jesus* in this Command, that his last Sermon to his Disciples mentions it four times, *John* 14. 13, 14. & 16. 23, 24. Now why should we make Conscience of praying in the Name of *Christ* always, and offer up our Praises in his Name when we speak in Prose? And yet when we give Thanks in Verse, we almost bind our selves to take no more notice of the Name of *Christ* than *David* or *Moses* did. Why should every part of Divine Worship under the Gospel be express'd in Language suited to that Gospel (*viz.*) Praying, Preaching, Baptism and the Lord's Supper; and yet when we perform that part of Worship which brings us nearest to the heavenly State, we must run back again to the Law to borrow Materials for this Service? And when we are employ'd in the Work of Angels, we talk the Language of the Infant-Church, and speak in Types and Shadows? While we bind our selves to the Words of *David*, when he inclines his Ear to a Parable, and opens his dark Saying upon the Harp, *Psal.* 49. 4. we have given too great Countenance to those who still continue the Use of the Harp while they open the dark Saying.

The *Fourth* Argument may be thus drawn up. There is almost an infinite Number of different Occasions for Praise and Thanksgivings, as well as for Prayer, in the Life of a *Chri-*

Christian; and there is not a Set of Psalms already prepared that can answer all the Varieties of the Providence and the Grace of God. Now if God will be prais'd for all his Mercies, and Singing be one Method of Praise, we have some Reason to believe that God doth not utterly confine us even to the Forms of his own composing. This is thought a very sufficient Reason to resist the Imposition of any Book of Prayers; and I grant that no Number of Prayers of humane Composure can express every new Difficulty or future Want of a Christian; scarce can we suppose a Divine Volume should do it, except it be equal to many *Folio's*. However I can see nothing in the inspired Book of Praises that should perswade me that the Spirit of God design'd it as a universal Psalm-book; nor that he intended these to include or provide for all the Occasions of Thanksgiving that ever should befall *Jews* or *Christians* in a single or social Capacity. We find in the History of Scripture, that new Favours receiv'd from God were continually the Subject of new Songs, and the very minute Circumstances of the present Providence are describ'd in the Verse. The Destruction of *Pharoah* in the *Red-Sea*; the Victory of *Barak* over *Sisera*; the various Deliverances, Escapes and Successes of the Son of *Jesse* are described in the Songs of *Moses*, *Deborah* and *David*. The *Jews* in a Land of Captivity sat by the Rivers of *Babylon*, and remembred *Sion*; they could find none of the antient Songs

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of *Sion* fit to express their present Sorrow and Devotion, tho some of them are mournful enough; then was that admirable and artful Ode written, the 137th *Psalm*, which even in the Judgment of the greatest humane Critics, is not inferiour to the finest Heathen Poems. 'Tis a more dull, and obscure, and unaffected Method of Worship to preach, or pray, or praise always in Generals: It doth not reach the Heart, nor touch the Passions; God did not think any of his own inspired Hymns clear and full and special enough to express the Praise that was his due for new Blessings of Grace and Providence; and therefore he put a new Song into the Mouths of *Mary*, *Zecharias* and *Simeon*; and 'tis but according to his own Requirement, that the *British Islands* should make their present Mercies under the Gospel the Subject of fresh Praises; *Isa.* 42. 9, 10. *Behold the former things are come to pass, and new things do I declare; before they spring forth I tell you of them; Sing unto the Lord a new Song, and his Praise from the End of the Earth; Ye that go down to the Sea, and all that is therein; the Isles and the Inhabitants thereof.* As for the new Songs in the *Revelations*, the Occasions of some of them are very particular, and relate to the Fall of *Anti-Christ*; It can never be imagin'd that these are a compleat Collection of *Psalms* to suit all the Cases of a Christian Church: They are rather given to us as small Originals, by Imitation whereof the Churches should be furnished with Matter for

for Psalmody, by those who are capable of composing spiritual Songs according to the various or special Occasions of Saints or Churches. Now shall we suppose the Duty of Singing to be so constantly provided for when there was any fresh Occasion under the Old Testament, and just in the very Beginning of the New, and yet that there is no manner of Provision made ever since by ordinary or extraordinary Gifts for the Expression of our particular Joys and Thanksgivings? This would be to sink the Gospel, which is a Dispensation of the Spirit, of Liberty, of Joy, and of Glory, beneath the Level of Judaism, when the Saints were kept in hard Bondage, and had not half so much Occasion for Praise.

The *Fifth* Argument may be borrow'd from the extraordinary Gift of the Spirit to compose or sing spiritual Songs in the primitive Church, express'd in 1 Cor. 14. 15, 26. The several Parts of Divine Worship, Praying, Preaching and Singing, were performed by immediate Inspirations of the holy Spirit in that Day, for these two Reasons. (1.) That there might be a Discovery of Divine Power in them, and the Seal of a Miracle set to the several Parts of Christian Worship, to convince the World, and to confirm the Church. (2.) Because there was not time to acquire a Capacity of Preaching, Praying, and composing spiritual Songs by Diligence and Study, together with the ordinary Assistance of Grace and Blessing of

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Providence, which would have taken up many Years before the Gospel could have been universally preached. But even in those Times of Inspiration, as Timothy himself was not to neglect the Gift that was in him given by Imposition of Hands, so he was charg'd to give Attendance to Reading, to Exhortation, to Doctrine, to meditate upon these things, to give himself wholly to them, that his profiting might appear unto all, 1 Tim. 4. 14, 15. And it is granted by all, that the Ministers of the Gospel in our Day are to acquire and improve the Gifts of Knowledge, Prayer and Preaching, by Reading, Meditation and frequent Exercise, together with earnest Requests to God for the ordinary Assistance of his Spirit, and a Blessing on their Studies; Why then should it be esteem'd sinful, to acquire a Capacity of composing a spiritual Song? Or why is it unlawful to put this Gift in Exercise, for the Use of Singing in the Christian Church, since 'tis one of those three standing Parts of Worship which were at first practis'd and confirm'd by Inspiration and Miracle?

Some may object here, that the Words *ψάλλετε* and *ψαλμοὺς*, which the Apostle useth in this Chapter, intend the Psalms of David, and not any new Song: But if we consult the whole Frame and Design of that Chapter, it appears that their Worship was all performed by extraordinary Gifts: Now 'twas no very extraordinary thing to bring forth one of David's Psalms; nor would it have been proper to have hindered the inspired Worship with such an Interposition of the ordinary Service of an antient Jewish Song; 'tis very credible therefore that the Word *Psalm* in this Place signifies a new spiritual Song, and 'tis so used frequently in the Writings of the Primitive Fathers, as appears in the Citations, pag. 274.

To close this Rank of Arguments, I might mention the Divine Delight that many pious Souls have found in the Use of spiritual Songs, suited to their

own Circumstances, and to the Revelations of the New Testament. If the spiritual Joy and Consolation that particular Persons have tasted in the general Duty of Singing, be esteem'd a tolerable Argument to encourage the Duty and confirm the Institution, I am well assured that the Argument would grow strong apace, and seal this Ordinance beyond Contradiction, if we would but stand fast in the Liberty of the Gospel, and not tie our Consciences up to meer Forms of the Old Testament. The Faith, the Hope, the Love, and the heavenly Pleasure that many Christians have profess'd while they have been singing evangelical Hymns; would probably be multiply'd and diffus'd amongst the Churches, if they would but breath out their Devotion in the Songs of the Lamb as well as in the Song of *Moses*.

Thus far have we proceeded in a way of Argument drawn from Scripture and the Reason of Things. Many Objections have been prevented, or sufficient Hints given for the Removal of them. Those that remain and seem to have any considerable Strength, shall be propos'd with an Attempt to answer them; for I would not have Christians venture upon the Practice of any thing in Divine Worship without due Knowledge and Conviction.

Object. 1. The Directions given for Psalmody in some Parts of the Old Testament, lead us to the Use of those Songs which are inspired, *Deut. 31. 16, 19, &c.* And the Lord said unto *Moses*, write ye this Song for you, and teach it the Children of Israel, put it in their Mouths, that this Song may be a Witness for me against the Children of Israel; for when I shall have brought them into the Land which I swear unto their Fathers, which floweth with Milk and Honey, &c. Then they will turn unto other Gods. And in *Psal. 81. 1, 2, 3, 4.* Where we are required to worship God by Singing, we are not commanded to make a new Psalm, but to take one that is already made, for the Words run
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thus, Sing aloud unto God our Strength, make a joyful Noise to the God of Jacob; Take a Psalm, and bring thither the Tymbrel, the pleasant Harp with the Psaltery, blow up the Trumpet in the New Moon, in the Time appointed, on our solemn Feast-Day, for this was a Statute for Israel, and a Law of the God of Jacob.

Ans. 1. I have cited these Texts at large wherein the Objection lies, that an Answer might appear plain in the Text to every Reader. How peculiarly do these Commands refer to the Israelites? The very Words of the Precept confine it to the Jews, to the Men that dwelt in Canaan, to the Worship that is paid with Tymbrels and Trumpets, to the Days of the New Moon, and solemn Jewish Festivals; and if we will insist upon these Scriptures as precise Rules of our present Duty and Worship, the Men that use Musical Instruments in a Christian Church will take the same Liberty of returning to Jewish Ordinances, and use the same Text to defend them.

Ans. 2. But if we should grant our selves under the Gospel still obliged by these Commands, yet they do not bind us up intirely to inspired Forms of Singing, since the same sort of Expression is used concerning Prayer; *Hos. 14. 2. Take with you Words, and say unto the Lord, take away all Iniquity, and receive us graciously, &c.* Now who is there that esteems himself confin'd to use no other Prayer but scriptural Forms? In other Places, where these Duties are injoin'd, we are bid to pray, or to praise, or to sing; and why should we not be as much at Liberty to suit the Words and the Sense to our present Circumstances in Singing as well as Praying, or in praising with Verse as well as praising in Prose?

Object. 2. The Examples of Scripture direct us to inspired Matter for Singing: *Deut. 31. 21. Moses wrote this Song the same Day, and taught it the Children of Israel. 1 Chron. 16. 7. David delivered first this Song, to thank the Lord, into the Hand of Asaph and*

his Brethren. Now in his dying Words, the sweet Psalmist of Israel tells us, *2 Sam. 23. 1, 2. The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his Word was in my Tongue.* And in the Days of *Hezekiah*, which was some Ages after *David*: *2 Chron. 29. 27, 28, 29, 30.* *Hezekiah* commanded to offer the Burnt-Offering upon the Altar, and when the Burnt-Offering began, the Song of the Lord began also with the Trumpets and with the Instruments ordained by *David King of Israel*, &c. Moreover *Hezekiah the King* and the Princes commanded the Levites to sing Praise to the Lord, with the Words of *David* and of *Asaph the Seer*.

Ans. These are nothing but Examples of Jewish, and very ceremonious Worship; Nor do they effectually prove, that the Jews themselves were forbid upon all Occasions whatsoever to use more private Composures in their Synagogues, tho in the Temple 'tis probable that for the most part they sung inspired Psalms. But it must be remembred, that these Psalms are all suited to their Dispensation, and yet without doubt they chose such out of them from time to time as best fitted their present Case; and so will we Christians take as many of the Psalms of *David* and other Scripture-Songs, as are suited to our Dispensation and our Circumstances; but these will be but very few in Comparison of what the ancient Levites might use, especially if we must sing the very words of *David* and *Asaph the Seer* without Omission or Paraphrase.

Object. 3. We cannot pretend to make better spiritual Songs than the Spirit of God himself has made, therefore if we should neglect these, and sing humane Composures, we should incur the Censure of the Prophet *Malachy*, Chap. *I. v. 13, 14.* *Ye brought that which was torn, and the Lame, and the Sick, thus ye brought an Offering, saith the Lord, should I accept this of your Hands?*

Ans. 1. Can we pretend to make better Prayers than

than the Spirit of God has made and scatter'd up and down thro' all the Old and New Testament? Can we compose better Sermons than *Moses* or *Solomon*? Better than our Saviour and his Apostles preach'd, and the Spirit of God hath recorded? Why then should not we use Scripture Forms of praying and preaching, as well as of Singing? And tho we may hope for the ordinary Assistance of the Spirit in our Prayers and Sermons, yet how can we expect that these shall be as good as those which were compos'd by his extraordinary Inspiration?

Ans. 2. Divine Wisdom accommodates its Inspirations, its Gifts, its Revelations, and its Writings, to the particular Cases and Seasons in which he finds a Saint or a Church. Now tho we cannot pretend to make a better Prayer than that of *Ezra* or *Daniel*, or our Lord, for the Day and Design for which they were prepared; yet a Song, a Sermon, or a Prayer that expresses my Wants, my Duties or my Mercies, tho it be compos'd by a humane Gift, is much better for me than to tie my self to any inspired Words in any part of Worship which do not reach my Case, and consequently can never be proper to assist the Exercise of my Graces or raise my Devotion.

Ans. 3. I believe that Phrases and Sentences used by inspired Writers are very proper to express our Thoughts in Prayer, Preaching or Praise; and God has frequently given Witness in the Hearts of Christians how much he approves the Language of Scripture; but 'tis always with a Proviso that those Phrases be clear, and expressive of our present Sense, and proper to our present Purpose: Yet we are not to dress up our Prayers, Sermons or Songs in the Language of *Judaism* when we design to express the Doctrines of the Gospel: This would but *darken Divine Counsel by Words without Knowledge*; it would amuse and confound the more ignorant Worshipers, 'twould disgust the more Considerate, and give nei-

ther the one nor the other Light or Comfort: And I think it may be as proper in our Churches to read a Sermon of *Moses* or *Isaiah* instead of preaching the Gospel, as to sing a Psalm of *David* whose Expressions chiefly refer to *David* the Shepherd, the King, the Fugitive, the Captain, the Musician and the Jew. In short the Prayers, Sermons and Songs in Scripture are rather Patterns by which we should frame our Worship and adjust it to our present Case, than Forms of Worship to which we should precisely and unchangeably confine our selves. And as Sermons which are conformable to the Holy Scripture in a large Sense may be called the *Word of God* and the *Word of Christ*, and are usually and justly so called if they are agreeable to the Scripture and drawn from thence; so Hymns of Humane Composure according to the Spirit and Doctrines of the Gospel may be as well termed the *Word of Christ*, which is the proper Matter for Christian Psalmody. Col. 3. 16. whereas in the strictest and most limited Sense of the Word nothing deserves that Title but the *Hebrew* and *Greek* Originals.

Object. 4. In the New Testament there are Promises of Divine Assistance to Ministers and private Christians in preaching the Gospel and in Prayer; But we have no Promise of the Spirit of God to help us to compose Psalms or Hymns for our private Use or for the Use of the Churches; and how can we practise in the Worship of God what we have no Promise of the holy Spirit to encourage and assist us in?

Ans. 1. There are many general Promises of the Presence of *Christ* with his Ministers, and the Supply of his Spirit in the Discharge of all their Duties for the Edification of the Church: Now there are several Performances which are necessary for the Churches Edification, to which there is no peculiar Promise made of the Assistance of the Spirit in express Words: Such are, Translating the Bible into
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our Mother-Tongue, Composing our Sermons or at least the Substance and Scheme of them before preaching, Writing pious and useful Treatises upon divine Subjects, and diligent Reading and study of Books so written; nor is there any more express Encouragement to expect the Presence of the Spirit in turning the Psalms of *David* into Rhime and Metre, than in composing new spiritual Songs: And yet Ministers that are fitted for such Performances may pray and hope for Divine Assistance in them all, and trust in the general Promises for Help in particular Services.

Ans. 2. There is no need of these Gifts of Criticism or of Poesy for all Christians nor all Ministers, tho it seems necessary that some should be furnish'd with them. A few Persons in an Age or a Nation may translate the Scriptures into the National Language, and may compose a sufficient Number of Hymns to answer the chief Designs and Wants of the Church for that Day for publick Worship. Where there happen Occasions very particular, the Ministers of the Gospel are not or should not be so utterly destitute of common Ingenuity, as to be unable to compose or at least to collect a few tolerable Verses proper for such a Season.

Object. 5. We find no Instances in Scripture of humane Composures sung by the People of God; and 'tis not good to practise such Pieces of Worship without a Precedent.

Ans. Whensoever there was just Occasion for an Hymn according to some new and special Providence, we almost every where find a new Song recorded in Scripture, and we call it inspired, nor do I know any just Reason to suspect or doubt of the Inspiration; but if there had been any one which was not the Effect of an extraordinary Gift but only compos'd by a good Man, we should be ready to take it for inspired because mention'd in Scripture; as we do too many

many Expressions of the Saints in that divine History, and make every thing that a good Man saith Heavenly and Divine : However if there can be no Pretence made to such an Example in Scripture, yet so much Reason, Argument and Incouragement as hath been already drawn from Scripture sufficiently justifies this Practice, since we perform many Circumstantial of Worship under the Influence of a general Command without express and special Examples.

Object. 6. We ought to sing nothing to God but what is given us for this very End that it may be sung, lest we indulge Will-worship and the Inventions of Men.

Ans. 1. To convert the Verses of *David* into English Lines, to confine them to an exact Number of Syllables, and to make Melody in particular Tunes, may as well be called the Inventions of Men and Will-Worship : But these Inventions are absolutely necessary for the Performance of Divine Commands, and for the Assistance of a whole Congregation to sing with any tolerable Convenience, Order or Decency, as the Reverend Mr. *Boyse* has well proved.

Ans. 2. Those that refuse to sing Forms of humane Composure tho the Sense be never so divine, generally allow it lawful to take any Parts of Scripture and alter and transpose the Words into a Form fit for Singing ; But to take a mere Parable or Story out of the Bible, and put some Rhimes on to the End of every Line of it, without giving it a new and pathetic Turn, is but a dull way of making spiritual Songs, and without a precedent too. *David* did not deal so with *Genesis* and *Exodus*, tho he loved the Words of the Law as well as we pretend to value the Words of the Gospels and Epistles. The most part of the New Testament as it stands in our Bible was never given us for Psalms, Hymns and spiritual Songs ; but for divine Instruction and Materials for this and other Duties, that so we might borrow the Doctrines and

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Discoveries of the New Testament, and compose Sermons and Songs out of them: But if we take Chapters and Verses promiscuously out of the New Testament, and make them jingle and rhyme, and so sing them, we are guilty of singing what God never commanded to be sung, as much as if we compos'd spiritual Songs by humane Art agreeable to the Sense of Scripture and the Christian Faith.

If the Addition of humane Testimony concerning the Practice of Churches in former or later Ages might have any Influence to establish the Consciences of those who are doubtful in this Matter, I might acquaint them that the Churches of *Germany* and the *Eastland* Churches, use many Divine Hymns which are compos'd on several Subjects of the Christian Religion, without any Pretence to extraordinary Gifts. The Church of *England* approves this Practice, as appears in those spiritual Songs at the End of the old Translation of the Psalm-Book, and some Churches among the Dissenters. The *Christians* of the first Ages were wont to meet together on a Day appointed before it was Light, and to speak a Song to Christ as to God: Thus *Pliny* the Roman testifies in a Letter to *Trajan* the Emperour in the Beginning of the second Century. *Tertullian*, who flourish'd about the Beginning of the Third Century, relating the Manner of Administration of the Lord's Supper, asserts, That after they had eat and drank what was sufficient for those that must worship God by Night, &c. Every one was urged to sing unto God publickly either out of the holy Scriptures, or according to their own Genius and Ability, Apol. C. 39. *Origen*, who flourish'd in the Middle of the Third Century, speaks of singing Hymns of Praise to the Father in or by Christ in good Rhime, Tune, Metre and Harmony. *Origen* de Orat. Sect. 6. *Eusebius*, B. 7. C. 19. quotes *Dionisius* writing against *Nepos* thus, Altho I heartily love *Nepos* for his Faith, his Study of Knowledge and the holy Scriptures, as well as for

for various Psalms and Hymns composed by him, which are used to this Day by some Brethren, yet, &c. In the Acts of the Council of Antioch mention'd by Eusebius, B. 7. C. 30. It was one of the Accusations of Paulus Samosatenus the Heretick Bishop of Antioch, that he abolished those Psalms which were wont to be sung to the Honour of the Lord Jesus Christ as novel and compos'd by Modern Authors, and that he appointed Women on Easter-Day in the Middle of the Church to sing Psalms in his Praise. And in the Fragment of an anonymous Author extant in Eusebius we find the Heresy of Artemon, who denied the Divinity of Christ, confuted not only by the Scriptures and the Writings of the precedent Fathers, but also by the Psalms and Hymns of the Brethren which were formerly compos'd by them, wherein they sung Praises to the WORD of God, declaring Christ to be God. Such a private composed Hymn was that which Clemens Alexandrinus mentions as one commonly known among the Christians in his Days, beginning *Χαίρε φῶς*, or, *Hail Light*. Spanheim in his sixth Chapter of the fourth Century of his Christian History speaks thus, Besides Hymns and Songs, and private Psalms, of which there was a great Number in their solemn Assemblies, the Psalm-Book of David was brought into the Western Church in this Age in the Time of Damasus and Ambrose; but in the Eastern Church the singing of David's Psalter by Antiphona's or Responses was brought in by Flavianus Antiochenus. The Use of Psalms compos'd by private Persons seems not to be forbidden in the Church till the Council of Laodicea in the fourth Century.

CONCLUSION.

THUS have I drawn together my Thoughts upon this Subject at the Request of several Ministers and private Christians who practise Psalmody in this Method themselves, and sing the Songs of the

Lamb

amb as well as the Psalms of David in their publick and private Worship, and especially at the Celebration of the Lord's Supper. I had design'd and almost prepar'd a larger Discourse, wherein the Duty of Singing and the Manner of Performance would have been consider'd. But this Essay has already well'd beyond the Bulk propos'd : There are many that would rejoice to see Evangelic Songs more universally encouraged to the Honour of their Lord Jesus, and to the Joy and Consolation of their Fellow-ambants. If the Spirit of God shall make any of these Arguments I have used successful to attain this glorious End, I shall take pleasure in the Release of their Souls from that part of *Judaism* which they have so long indulged. I hope the Difficulties that appear'd frightful and discouraging will be lost and vanish by a diligent and fair Perusal of what is written; yet those that pay a sacred Reverence to the inspired Writings, may still find it hard to yield to the Conviction; Scruples and Reliques of an old Opinion will perhaps hang about their Consciences still: A Fear and Jealousy of admitting any Forms of humane Composure in the Worship of Singing will scarce permit their Lips to practise that to which their Understandings have given their Assent. I would intreat such to give this Discourse a thoughtful Review; and tho they may not judge every Argument conclusive, nor every Objection sufficiently remov'd, yet if there be but one unanswerable Reason thought to be attended to; and the whole put together may give such Light and Satisfaction as may encourage the Practice of this Duty. 'Tis very easy to make Cavils and Replies to the strongest Reasonings; but let us have a Care lest we rob our Souls and the Churches of those Divine Comforts of evangelic Psalmody, by a Fondness of our old and preconceived Opinions. *He that believeth may eat all Things, and should not be forbidden: He may partake of Flesh and*

and drink Wine; he may tast of the various Pleasure of the Gospel, and sing the New Song: *Another who is weak eateth Herbs*, and satisfies himself with ancient Melody. *Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not*, and *let not him which eateth not judge him who eateth*, for God hath received him, Rom. 14. 2.

If the Hymns and spiritual Songs which are here presented to the World are so unhappy as to discourage the Design of this Essay, I will censure and improve them my self: If they are condemned as being unsuitable to the Capacity or Experience of plain Christians, I will easily confess a Variety of Faults in them; 'twas hard to restrain my Verse always within the Bounds of my Design; 'Twas hard to sink every Line to the Level of a whole Congregation, and yet to keep it above Contempt. However among great a Number of Songs I hope there will be some found that speak the very Language, and Desires and Sense of the meanest Souls, and will be an Assistance to their Joy and Worship. The Blemishes of the rest may serve to awaken some more pious and judicious Fancy to a more successful Attempt; and whoever shall have the Honour of such a Performance, I promise my self a large Share in the Pleasure. But we must despair of hearing the *New Song of the Lamb* in its Perfection and Glory, till *Babylon the Great is fallen*, and the *Kingdoms of this World are become the Kingdoms of the Lord and his Christ*, till the *New Heavens and the New Earth* appear, till all the former things are passed away, and all things are made New.

The End.



ERRATA.

Pag. viii. lin. 13. r. Contentious. B. I. H. 24. l. 2. for Souls r. Hearts. H. 49. l. 6. r. Prophet. 1. 10. r. 11. Egyptian. H. 61. l. 8. r. brings. P. 246. l. ult. r. one that is no Oppressor.